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ONE DAY.

BY M. R.

One day, O weary heart, although the sun
May brightly shine and sweet Spring flowers blow,
While other feet with noiseless tread move on,
Thy steps across the sill no more shall go!

One day, O busy hands, in perfect rest
Some other hands shall fold you tenderly
In an "Amen" for grace across a breast
From earthly pain and earthly sorrow free!

One day, O eyes that weep, some other eyes
Through a dim mist of tears may glance, the while
On thy white lids a truant sunbeam lies,
And see on thy cold lips a pensive smile!

One day, O tired heart, thy care and pain
Shall pass away like mists before the sun!
Ah, then, poor heart, take up thy cross again,
And bravely bear it till this life be done!

BEHIND A MASK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED).

CARLYON and Mrs. Manning exchanged glances. Was Stephen Heisford aware of this news when he sent them to Verdun? If, as he had told Carlyon, he left London only the night before, he must have been.

"Are you sure Miss Vivian has left Verdun?" asked Carlyon eagerly.

"I am certain," replied the Doctor. "Every inquiry has been made in the town. The young lady was met shortly after leaving this house, walking rapidly in the direction of the station. There was a train due about that time, the express to Dieppe, which stops here. It is supposed that Miss Vivian contrived to pass the barrier, and to enter the train without a ticket."

"Did you telegraph down the line?" said Carlyon quickly.

"No, monsieur, I did not. Why should I? After all it was no affair of mine," returned the Doctor curtly.

Carlyon was about to express his indignation at such indifference and apathy, when the door opened and a lady entered the room. She was tall and thin, middle-aged, with very light hair and white eyebrows. She looked pale and careworn, and seemed to shrink from her husband as he advanced to take her hand.

"My wife, Madame Giraud," said the Doctor, ceremoniously introducing her. "This lady and gentleman are friends of Miss Vivian."

Madame Giraud bowed, and seemed more nervous and ill at ease than ever.

"At what time did Miss Vivian leave this house on Tuesday evening?" inquired the doctor of his wife.

"Between eight and nine o'clock," answered madame, in a low tone.

"She took no luggage, I believe?"

"Nothing."

"Good!" said the Doctor, addressing his wife in the encouraging tone of a benign master to a pupil repeating a lesson. "There is nothing to account for the young lady's leaving?"

"No."

"You do not know where she has gone?"

"Certainly not."

"Good! You see, madame and monsieur, that my wife corroborates what I told you," said the Doctor, turning to his visitors.

"Was Miss Vivian unhappy?" inquired Mrs. Manning, addressing Madame Giraud rather sharply.

"Unhappy!" repeated madame, while her eyes instinctively sought those of her husband. "She was not too happy, certainly."

"Merely on account of her uncle's condition," interposed the Doctor carelessly. "She was anxious, that is all. After all, why should she have been unhappy? She enjoyed every comfort, including the maternal care of madame."

"Did Miss Vivian write to her friends?" asked Mrs. Manning.

"There was no reason why she should not have done so," interposed the Doctor, before his wife could speak. "I presume she did, occasionally."

"No doubt," acquiesced madame submissively.

"Can I see Miss Vivian's room?" demanded Mrs. Manning.

"Certainly, if madame wishes. My dear, will you conduct this lady to Miss Vivian's room?" said the Doctor. "I presume her luggage is still there?"

"Yes, it is still there," said his wife.

"I did not understand that madame was any relative of Miss Vivian's," said the doctor, looking doubtfully at Mrs. Manning. "Of course I have no wish to detain the young lady's property; but, if her uncle remains here——"

"I have no authority, nor have I any desire to remove anything," interrupted Mrs. Manning, moving impatiently towards the door.

The Doctor bowed, and showed the ladies out with great politeness. Then he turned to Carlyon, and said rather anxiously—

"May I inquire when monsieur saw Mr. Stephen Heisford?"

"This morning. He is at Rouen."

"At Ruen!" exclaimed the Doctor, with a start. "When did he arrive?"

"I believe this morning."

"I suppose he had not received my telegram?" said the Doctor.

"I cannot say; he mentioned nothing about it," answered Carlyon.

The Doctor seemed somewhat disturbed at this, and stroked his chin pensively.

"It is unfortunate," he said. "If I had anticipated this, I would have made further inquiries about the young lady. Having warned Mr. Stephen Heisford, I thought I had done enough; but my telegram seems to have missed him."

Carlyon answered absently, for he was awaiting with impatience Mrs. Manning's return. He knew that her request to see Ethel's room was merely an excuse to get an opportunity of cross-questioning Madame Giraud about Ethel's departure. For his own part, he could not make up his mind whether Ethel had really gone or not; he thought the Doctor's manner was suspicious, and doubted his good faith. If Ethel had fled, he felt pretty sure that she had not done so without serious cause.

"You will probably go and seek Miss Vivian," said the Doctor, after watching him for a few moments.

"Certainly. What is more, I shall find her," answered Carlyon, with determination.

"I warn you that the young lady is subject to delusions," said the Doctor, touching his forehead.

"Do you mean that she is mad?" inquired Carlyon, with a start.

"Has there been insanity in the young lady's family?" asked the Doctor.

"Not that I am aware of," answered Carlyon.

"For example, the young lady spoke of having been watched and ill-treated at Pont des Puits, where she lived with her uncle before coming here," said the Doctor.

"I believe it," said Carlyon.

"My dear monsieur, a fable, I assure you!" said the Doctor, with a smile. "I have spoken to her uncle; there is no truth in it. Why should there be? If you believe that, you will also believe her if she says she has been subjected to similar treatment here."

"I shall believe it certainly, if Miss Vivian says so!" said Carlyon, looking straight at the Doctor.

Doctor Giraud's plump cheeks reddened, and he was apparently about to make some angry and indignant rejoinder, when his wife and Mrs. Manning returned. Carlyon paid no further attention to him, but glanced eagerly at the Vicar's wife.

"I have seen Ethel's room. She has certainly gone, and we must find her," she said quietly, in answer to his look of expectation.

Carlyon took up his hat immediately, and the Doctor interposed in an aggrieved tone—

"Perhaps monsieur would like to assure himself of the safety of Mr. Heisford. It is true he is unconscious, but——"

"Another time," interrupted Carlyon, eager to be off. "I must first find Miss Vivian. Meanwhile I will telegraph to Mr. Heisford's lawyer. If Mr. Heisford is in a critical condition, his lawyer should be communicated with."

"By all means. Monsieur is aware that I have informed Mr. Stephen Heisford of his uncle's condition," said the Doctor, with dignity.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant nature of the interview, Doctor and Madame Giraud escorted their visitors to the entrance door, and bowed politely from the steps as they drove away. As soon as they had started, Mrs. Manning said—

"Ethel certainly left here on Tuesday evening, and has gone no one knows whither. I questioned Madame Giraud closely, and I am convinced that the story is correct."

"What induced her to fly?" asked Carlyon.

"Because, poor darling, she was a prisoner here, as she was at Pont des Puits. Madame as good as confessed that, by her uncle's orders, she was closely watched."

"The Doctor pretends that she is subject to delusions," said Carlyon uneasily.

"That was madame's excuse also; but it is nonsense!" returned Mrs. Manning.

"We had better drive to the police-station," suggested Carlyon, rising from his seat to address the flyman.

"I think it would be useless," said Mrs. Manning. "There is no doubt that the fullest inquiries have been made in the town. Doctor Giraud would have this done for his own sake."

Carlyon spoke to the fly-driver on the subject, and the man's answer confirmed this opinion. The disappearance of a young lady from Doctor Giraud's house had caused a sensation in the town, and all the details of her flight were known. It seemed pretty evident that Ethel had left by the Dieppe express, and Carlyon therefore decided to drive straight to the railway-station.

"Assuming Ethel went by the train, what would be her destination?" said Carlyon.

"Dieppe, and thence to England, only—poor girl, she had no money," said Mrs. Manning.

"Is that really so?" inquired Carlyon.

"Madame Giraud confessed that her purse was taken from her, no doubt to aid in preventing her from leaving," replied Mrs. Manning.

"The brutes! They shall pay for this!" said Carlyon between his teeth. "Only let me learn the truth from Ethel!"

"She appears still to have had her watch and rings," said Mrs. Manning hopefully.

At the station they ascertained beyond reasonable doubt that Ethel had left by the Dieppe train. A porter remembered having seen a young lady suddenly mount the steps of a first-class compartment of the express just as it was leaving the station. The incident had excited no suspicion at the time; but it had subsequently transpired that the young lady had rushed past the ticket-barrier on to the platform at the last moment. From the description given, it seemed pretty certain that this was Ethel. Nothing further had been heard of her, and it was unknown whether she had proceeded to Dieppe or had left the train at an intermediate station.

Carlyon and his companion decided to return to Rouen, and they telegraphed to the detective who had previously been employed to meet them at that station. Carlyon's idea was to instruct the detective to make inquiries in France, while he himself proceeded to England by the route Ethel would have taken. He having arranged this, and also despatched a telegram to Mr. Bold, the solicitor, advising him of his client's critical state, the travelers had to submit with patience to the trying ordeal, in the circumstances, of journeying back to Rouen by a slow train.

CHAPTER XV.

The slow train did not belie its reputation, for it was nearly nine o'clock in the evening before Mrs. Manning and Carlyon reached the cathedral city. The detective was awaiting them on the platform at the station, and by his side stood the Vicar, in a state of great excitement, triumphantly waving in his hand a telegram. Mrs. Manning had telegraphed home the night before, asking for news of her children, and she eagerly seized the despatch as her husband ran forward and threw it in at the carriage-window while the train was still in motion. Carlyon did not attach any special significance to this episode until the parson cried out—

"So you have had your journey for nothing, Eustace?"

"How do you know?" inquired Carlyon.

"It is all right! Ask Harriet!" panted the Vicar.

"Ethel is safe, Eustace!" cried Mrs. Manning, in a tremulous voice.

"Safe! How—where—what is the news?" exclaimed Carlyon in a breath.

"She is in England. Read for yourself," said Mrs. Manning, handing him the telegram.

Carlyon, scarcely able to contain himself, seized it, and read aloud—

"Children well, send love. Telegram to you from Mr. Hunter, Chester Square, London, saying that a Miss Ethel Vivian is ill at his house."

"It is from my sister Agnes, who is taking charge of the children in my absence," explained Mrs. Manning, seeing that Carlyon was bewildered and overcome by the unexpected tidings.

"But who is Mr. Hunter of Chester Square?" cried the Vicar.

"Heaven bless him, whoever he is!" exclaimed Carlyon, with joyful fervor, as he realized the position of affairs. "Ethel has evidently found a friend in need. But my darling is ill! Mrs. Manning," he added, glancing at his watch, "I have just time to pack my portmanteau and catch the Dieppe boat express."

"I will go with you, Eustace. Poor dear Ethel! I fear she has encountered serious trouble," murmured Mrs. Manning.

Although Carlyon was deeply touched by the unselfish devotion of the Vicar's wife, as well as grateful for her generous

cffer, he felt tcurd to discourage the idea as the Reverend Peter looked so profoundly unappreciative of the suggestion of returning to England at the commencement of their holiday. But when the energetic little lady insisted upon having her own way, and explained that she had no objection to the Vicar's continuing his trip, the matter was easily arranged. They all returned to the hotel to pack and to partake of a hasty meal, of which the Vicar, though he had dined placidly and comfortably two hours earlier, declared that he also stood greatly in need, owing to the unsubstantial nature of the French fare.

Carlyon had completed his packing, and was hastily descending the stairs to the hotel dining-room, when he ran against a sedate, old gentleman in a dark-brown travelling suit, who uttered his name with an exclamation of surprise.

"Mr. Bold," cried Carlyon, seizing his hand—"you here! Why, I have just telegraphed to you to say that your client, old Mr. Helsford, is lying in a critical state at Verdun!"

"At Verdun!" exclaimed Mr. Bold, with a start. "Where is Verdun?"

"Some distance on the line towards Paris."

"How long has he been there?" inquired the lawyer in surprise.

"About a month."

"Come this way, Carlyon; I want to speak to you," said Mr. Bold, conducting him to his private sitting-room close at hand. "This is very serious—very serious; I'm afraid our mutual friend, Stephen Helsford, is a very bad lot—worse even than I suspected. I fear he has been forging his uncle's name to a very considerable extent!"

"You don't say so!"

"I do indeed. It appears that for some months past—ever since he has been abroad, in fact—old Mr. Helsford has been selling out stock to the extent of several thousands. After what you tell me, I have no doubt that my suspicions are correct."

"How did you find out this?" inquired Carlyon.

"His brokers, Messrs. Kemp and Stanley, mentioned the matter to me the other day. I was surprised at the magnitude of these transactions, and a close scrutiny of some of old Mr. Helsford's alleged signatures led me to suspect forgery. I called in Gimlet—do you know Gimlet?"

"No. Who is he?"

"Detective officer, private inquiry agent—sharp fellow, very," said the lawyer, with a sagacious nod. "Well, he and I laid our heads together, and Gimlet made some inquiries. He found that Stephen Helsford had been making mysterious journeys to the continent—also that he has been very flush of money lately. The result was that I determined to come over here myself to investigate the matter, and I've brought Gimlet with me. Gimlet has just stepped round to the Rue—what do you call it? Of course I don't want to alarm my client unnecessarily."

"Did you suppose he was in Rouen?"

"Certainly. The last transfer of stock was signed here by Mr. Helsford not ten days ago," said Mr. Bold.

"But he has never been here at all! He has been at Verdun since the seventeenth of last month!" exclaimed Carlyon.

"Dear me—dear me! This is very sad, Carlyon!" said old Mr. Bold, looking quite agitated.

There was a knock at the door at that moment, and a neat, elderly, dapper little man, very carefully dressed, and wearing a flower in his buttonhole, made his appearance. He was about to withdraw when he saw Carlyon; but Mr. Bold stopped him.

"Step in, Mr. Gimlet. This is Mr. Gimlet, Mr. Carlyon. I anticipate your report, Mr. Gimlet. This gentleman tells me that Mr. Helsford has never been here at all."

"So I supposed, sir," returned Mr. Gimlet, looking at Carlyon with curiosity. "You were one of the parties who called at the house this morning, I suppos ?"

"I was," answered Carlyon, "and I saw Mr. Stephen Helsford and his wife."

"You mean the nurse no doubt, sir. No more a nurse than you are!" said Mr. Gimlet calmly. "The wife of a publican out Newington way, an old flame of Mr. Stephen's."

"Yes, I omitted to mention that the woman is an impostor," said Mr. Bold, looking at Carlyon.

"You spoilt the trick, sir, by your visit this morning," said Mr. Gimlet, with mild resentment. "Whatever transpired, you frightened 'em. Within an hour they were on their way to Havre. By this time they are anywhere," he added, throwing up his hands.

"Too late then, Gimlet?" said Mr. Bold

"Yes, sir—slipped through our fingers, thanks to this gentleman," returned Mr. Gimlet. "Hearing that Mr. Stephen had come over here suddenly, I thought we should nab him."

"Mr. Carlyon has seen old Mr. Helsford this afternoon at Verdun," said Mr. Bold.

"Indeed, sir?" remarked Mr. Gimlet inquiringly.

"I did not see him, but I know he is there—at Doctor Giraud's Chateau Bellevue, Verdun," answered Carlyon.

"How did you come across him, Carlyon?" asked Mr. Bold.

"I came over to see him respecting his niece, Miss Vivian," said Carlyon, with some confusion. "That is why I called at Stephen Helsford's house in the Rue Favart this morning. I thought he was there, but Stephen gave me his address."

"His niece, Miss Vivian?" repeated the lawyer. "Yes, yes, of course. I recollect that he has a niece. Lives somewhere in the north of England with her mother, doesn't she?"

"Her mother died some months ago, and latterly Miss Vivian has been residing with her uncle," answered Carlyon.

"Really! This is news, Mr. Gimlet. I was unaware of old Mrs. Vivian's death. Then you take some interest in the young lady, I presume, Carlyon?" said Mr. Bold slyly. "I suppose she is at Verdun with her uncle?"

"No, she has left him, and has returned to England," answered Carlyon; and he proceeded to relate briefly the details of his search for Ethel Vivian.

"This must be inquired into, Gimlet," said Mr. Bold, when Carlyon had finished. "Poor girl! What can be the reason of her flight? A singular story—eh, Gimlet? By the-way, Carlyon, you said Stephen Helsford told you that I had recently prepared a will for his uncle. I have prepared no fresh will for Mr. Helsford; nor have I sent any clerk or messenger to him at Pont des Puits."

"Then why did Stephen Helsford say so?" exclaimed Carlyon.

"To throw dust in your eyes, sir—to give a semblance of truth to his story," said Mr. Gimlet, with a laugh. "He wanted you to go off quietly, without exciting any suspicion that might cause you to put the police on his track."

"I did not believe all his story," returned Carlyon testily.

"You believed enough for his purpose, sir. You went off to Verdun without making a fuss, which enabled him to get clean away," said Mr. Gimlet, with a grin. "Did you say you were returning to England by to-night's boat, sir, from Dieppe?"

"Yes; and I must start at once, or I shall miss the train," answered Carlyon, glancing uneasily at the clock.

"Will you kindly give me the name of the officer you employed here?" said Mr. Gimlet, producing his pocket-book and a lead pencil. "I am not much of a French scholar, sir, and the information may be useful."

Carlyon gave the detective's name, then took a hurried farewell of Mr. Bold, and rejoining his friends, who were annoyed at his prolonged absence. He had left himself no time to dine, and very shortly afterwards the Vicar's wife and he took their places in the Dieppe express.

The news which Mr. Bold had imparted to Carlyon, shocking as it was, was satisfactory in one sense, for it explained the mystery of Stephen Helsford's conduct in the Rue Favart. His reason for giving out that his uncle lived there was now manifest—he had doubtless counted upon deceiving ordinary inquirers. If, for instance, old Mr. Helsford's brokers had had their suspicions aroused, and had sent over a representative, the deception practiced would probably have proved perfectly successful.

Carlyon however was more disposed to let his mind dwell upon the future than upon the past, and anxious thoughts about Ethel rendered him comparatively indifferent to Stephen Helsford's misdeeds. He was pacing the deck of the steamer with an abstracted air, while Mrs. Manning remained below, when a small man, wearing a plaid ulster accosted him and asked for a light.

"Roughish night, sir!" remarked the stranger.

"Very," answered Carlyon, not much inclined for conversation.

"Hope you will find the young lady well, sir," said the stranger.

"Mr. Gimlet?" exclaimed Carlyon, suddenly recognizing his companion.

"Yes, sir."

"I did not know you were returning to-night," said Carlyon.

"I'm rather busy just now, sir," answered Mr. Gimlet, "and it was no use my staying longer over yonder as the parties have got away. I have introduced Mr. Bold to the detective officer you recommended, and between them they can do all that is to be done."

"Which is nothing, I suppose?" said Carlyon.

"That is about it, sir," answered Mr. Gimlet, puffing at his cigar.

"I suppose he will go over to Verdun to-morrow?"

"No doubt, sir," returned Mr. Gimlet carelessly.

The fact of Stephen Helsford's having made his escape seemed to have rendered Mr. Gimlet entirely indifferent to the affair. But Carlyon could not refrain from dilating upon the aspect of the case as it affected Ethel. Mr. Gimlet listened respectfully, and agreed with Carlyon that it was difficult to account for the heartless treatment she had been subjected to while at Verdun, and to imagine what interest Doctor and Madame Giraud could have had in so relentlessly carrying out a system of espionage and oppression. Mr. Gimlet however rather irritated Carlyon by treating the matter lightly, and especially by suggesting that possibly Doctor Giraud was right in saying that the young lady was subject to delusions. But, though he assumed this offhand and incredulous attitude, Carlyon remarked that, in a quiet unobtrusive way, the detective obtained from him the particulars of almost everything that had happened, commencing with his meeting Stephen Helsford on his journey to Stretton on Christmas Eve, and ending with the interview with Doctor Giraud.

"What is your object in asking all this?" Carlyon inquired at length.

"Object! Bless your soul, sir, I have no object!" answered Mr. Gimlet, in a tone of injured innocence. "As I said at the commencent, there is nothing in the case but what we know."

This brought the conversation to a close, and Carlyon did not come across Mr. Gimlet again until he was assisting Mrs. Manning into the railway carriage at Newhaven, when the detective touched him on the arm.

"Beg pardon, sir, but, if the young lady should have anything interesting to tell in connection with the case, I should be glad to know it—quite at your convenience, of course, sir."

"Is this your address—No. 999, Southwark Bridge Road?" said Carlyon, glancing at the card which the other handed to him.

"Yes, sir; on the left-hand side, first floor. There is nothing in the case, but I always like to know the end of everything—to pass the post, so to speak. Good-bye, sir! Good-bye, lady!"

Before the end of their journey Carlyon and Mrs. Manning had discussed every phase and detail of Ethel's adventures and of Stephen Helsford's fraudulent scheme.

They reached London about ten o'clock in the morning, and drove to Mr. Hunter's residence in Chester Square. Carlyon had telegraphed from Rouen to announce the immediate departure for England of Mrs. Manning and himself, and the evident interest and curiosity manifested by the servant who opened the door to them showed that they were expected. They were ushered into a parlor, and the next moment they were joined by an elderly lady, with severe features and with gray ringlets on each side of her face, who bowed to them gravely, and glanced at Carlyon, with a slightly dignified air.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Hunter?" he inquired politely.

"Miss Hunter. My brother is unmarried," answered the lady in a frigid tone.

"I beg your pardon," said Carlyon, a little disconcerted. "I telegraphed yesterday——"

"Your telegram was received," interposed the old lady.

"Thank you. Is—is Miss Vivian better?" he inquired, unable to restrain his anxiety even in Miss Hunter's severely solemn presence.

"Be seated, if you please," said the old lady, ignoring the question and ensconcing herself in an uncomfortable high-backed armchair by the fireside. "Will you permit me to inquire whether you are a relative of the young lady's?"

"No relation whatever," replied Carlyon.

"No relation whatever!" repeated Miss Hunter, sitting bolt upright.

"No, relation, but—but——"

"Mr. Carlyon is engaged to be married to Miss Vivian," interposed Mrs. Manning, while the lover was covered with confusion at this reckless statement.

"Oh, indeed?" said Miss Hunter, in a slightly mollified tone. "I understood from the young lady that this gentleman was no relation, but I did not feel justified in inquiring farther. You will understand that as mistress of this house it was my duty to ask the question. Having obtained a satisfactory reply—the propriety of the engagement does not concern me—I think I may ring for my sister."

The old lady stretched forth her hand and rang the bell as she spoke, after which she relapsed into silence.

"I presume that Miss Vivian is not seriously ill," said Mrs. Manning presently, urged by Carlyon's appealing glance.

"Not seriously ill, certainly," answered Miss Hunter, without moving.

"I trust she has recovered," began Carlyon eagerly.

"You need feel no anxiety about Miss Vivian's health," interposed the old lady, in a chilling tone.

At length the door opened, and a prim woman, the counterpart of Miss Hunter, with a shawl over her shoulders and a smelling bottle in her hand, came languidly into the room.

"My sister, Miss Augusta Hunter," said the old lady gravely.

Miss Augusta responded to Carlyon's bow with a dignified salutation, and then sank into another armchair by the fireplace.

"This gentleman," said Miss Hunter, addressing her sister, "has explained, to my satisfaction, his interest in our guest. He is engaged to be married to her, as you surmised. I have expressed no opinion upon the propriety of the engagement, but, in the circumstances, I thought you might come down."

Miss Augusta looked at Carlyon, and then, as though overcome by the effort, closed her eyes and took a sniff at her smelling bottle.

"My sister was naturally very much upset by this affair," explained Miss Hunter; "we all were, of course. It was very sudden and startling—quite scandalous, in fact."

"'Scandalous' is the proper term, Eustrachia; you said 'scandalous' immediately, and you were right," said Miss Augusta, in a faint voice.

"My sister is an invalid; she suffers from nervousness," said Miss Hunter complacently. "It takes very little to prostrate her entirely; a door slamming or a street organ is sufficient. I have known my sister to be laid up for a month from treading on the cat."

"Six weeks, Eustrachia," murmured Miss Augusta modestly.

"You may therefore imagine that the sudden appearance of our brother Robert yesterday morning in a cab, with a strange female——"

"Eustrachia!" ejaculated Miss Augusta, with a little shudder.

"A young lady who had no luggage, and of whom our brother gave a most extraordinary account——"

"Most extraordinary!" interposed Miss Augusta, with her smelling-bottle to her nose.

"He had traveled with her from France!" said Miss Hunter, lowering her voice.

"Alone!" murmured Miss Augusta, without opening her eyes.

"And Robert a bachelor!" continued Miss Hunter, raising her hands.

"Fancy bringing her here!" exclaimed Miss Augusta.

"In broad daylight too, before the neighbors and all the servants!" added Miss Hunter.

"I can quite imagine your both having been very much upset," said Mrs. Manning gravely, before Carlyon, who had turned crimson with indignation, could speak. "It must have given you a painful shock."

"I hope I shall have an opportunity of thanking your brother for his generous conduct to a young lady in distress," cried Carlyon.

"My brother is not at present residing in the house," said Miss Hunter severely. "In the circumstances, he saw the propriety of at least absenting himself so long as the young lady remains here."

"Of course," said Miss Augusta. "He is staying in most uncomfortable lodgings, where I know the cooking is bad. He cannot sleep in a strange bed, and he must have passed a wretched night."

"I am grieved to hear that," said the Vicar's wife, with a twinkle in her eyes which belied her serious manner. "The least we can do is to restore to your brother his home comforts by removing Miss Vivian at once. If she is well enough, I will take her with me to Stretton by the next train."

"We must not be too precipitate," said Miss Hunter, who seemed favorably im-

pressed by Mrs. Manning's demeanor. "Yesterday the young lady seemed really ill. Our doctor, who thoroughly understands nervous affections, having attended my sister for years, said that Miss Vivian was suffering from a severe nervous attack. In fact, she fainted twice yesterday, and the doctor feared she would have a serious illness, brought on, he supposes, by worry and anxiety. She is very much better today, but still I do not think it would be prudent to remove her until to-morrow."

"Besides, it will do Robert good to stay where he is for a day or two," added Miss Augusta quite spitefully.

"My brother's conduct was almost insanely thoughtless," said Miss Hunter, frowning. "He was returning from Paris, when at some station on the line this young lady burst into the carriage and appealed to him for protection. Robert not only gave her his ticket and had to pay for himself over again, but he escorted her to England; and, not content with that, he actually brought her here! She might have been an adventuress!"

"Or worse!" gasped Miss Augusta.

"No one could suppose Miss Vivian was an adventuress," said Carlyon stiffly.

"She is good-looking enough to have put Robert on his guard," said Miss Hunter. "Fortunately, the young lady was not an adventuress; of course I perceived that directly I spoke to her. Still her story is extraordinary.

"What is her story?" inquired Mrs. Manning, evidently endeavoring to ingratiate herself with the old lady.

"Her uncle, it appears, is an invalid."

"Certainly. At the present moment he is lying in a critical condition at the house of Doctor Giraud, at Verdun, in France," said Mrs. Manning.

"So I underatand," said Miss Hunter more graciously, as though secretly relieved at this corroboration. "Miss Vivian believes that he is not being properly treated there, and says that she herself was kept a prisoner in the house. She made her escape, and came to England in order to communicate with her friends."

Carlyon and Mrs. Manning exchanged glances at this, and the former rose from his seat impatiently.

"In that case we ought to see Miss Vivian without delay," he said.

"May I go up to her room?" inquired the Vicar's wife.

"Miss Vivian is not in her room. I think you will find her in the drawing-room overhead," said Miss Hunter somewhat grudgingly.

Before the old lady could move from her seat Mrs. Manning was on her way upstairs, having signalled to Carlyon to remain. With his mind entirely preoccupied with thoughts of Ethel, Carlyon entered into conversation in order to conceal his embarrassment, and, in spite of himself, he succeeded in pleasing his companions. It soon transpired that a connection of his was also a relative of the Hunter family, which, combined with his artless replies to the old ladies' questions disclosing the fact that his social position and his pecuniary prospects were satisfactory, evidently raised him in their estimation. He dimly realized that his hostesses were becoming quite gracious and friendly when, to his intense relief, Mrs. Manning reappeared.

"Ethel is well," she said, looking at him with a reassuring smile; "she wishes to see you."

Carlyon did not need pressing. Regardless of the rather alarmed expression which appeared upon the faces of the old ladies, he rushed up the stairs, and into the drawing room, where he found Ethel Vivian, pale and agitated, but more beautiful, it seemed to him, than ever. She advanced to meet him with outstretched hand, smiling and blushing—the picture of sweet maidenly modesty. Carlyon, without pausing to consider the rules of etiquette, embraced her, and forthwith assumed the privilege of a formally accepted suitor. Ethel did not repulse him, for the next instant the momentous request was made and the blushing answer given—an answer which rendered Carlyon almost delirious with ecstasy.

A quarter of an hour later, though to Carlyon the interval seemed but a few moments, a discreet cough outside announced the return of the Vicar's wife.

"I dared not remain below another instant," she said, with a bright sympathetic smile. "The poor old ladies would have had fits!"

"Darling Mrs. Manning!" exclaimed Ethel, flinging her arms round her friend's neck.

"Congratulate me Harriet!" cried Carlyon, addressing the Vicar's wife by her Christian name in his joyful agitation.

"I am so glad!" returned little Mrs. Manning, kissing Ethel's upturned face, and squeezing Carlyon's hand.

Then she turned aside and shed a few tears, and Ethel gave a little hysterical sob, while Carlyon, for a moment, felt half convinced that he was a stony-hearted wretch. When Mrs. Manning had dried her eyes, she said in a matter-of-fact tone—

"Have you told Eustace about your uncle, Ethel?"

"No, not yet," answered Ethel, looking conscience-stricken.

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Manning, smiling. "Why, what could you have found to talk about all this time?"

This embarrassing question caused the lovers to exchange shy and confused glances, but the Vicar's wife did not wait for a response.

"I think Eustace should be told at once," she said more seriously. "It may be desirable to take some steps immediately."

CHAPTER XVI.

CARLYON perceived that the expression of Ethel's fair face became troubled, and he also noticed that, as her blushes faded, she looked very careworn and ill. As Ethel hesitated, Mrs. Manning said—

"Eustace knows that that at Pont des Puits you were rigorously watched by that horrible woman, and also that the same course was adopted at Doctor Giraud's; he knows too that all letters were intercepted, and that you were not permitted to communicate with any one."

"Why was this?" asked Carlyon indignantly.

"I do not know," answered Ethel gravely. She was seated upon the sofa, with her hand in her lover's. "For a long time I thought it was because of you, Eustace; but I have since heard that my uncle has been unconscious for some time, and unable to give any directions."

"Did you not know of his critical condition?" asked Carlyon.

"Not till Mrs. Manning told me. I was never allowed to speak to him," replied Ethel. "He refused to let me come near him. I saw him only on two occasions, and then it was by accident."

"Tell Eustace how you happened to see him, ' interposed Mrs. Manning.

"At Pont des Puits," explained Ethel, "the nurse kept a close watch upon me, and I was hardly permitted to leave my room. I was not allowed to write letters, nor could I stir out without the nurse. I submitted to this partly because the woman terrified me, and partly because it was my uncle's wish. You must remember that I was in a foreign country, without any one to advise or assist me, and at the onset I was terrified and subdued; but I rebelled at last, for I grew desperate"

"I hope and trust that woman will be caught and severely punished," interposed Mrs. Manning fervently.

"The first time I saw my uncle was about ten days after my arrival," continued Ethel. "One night after I had gone to bed the nurse went out. She had never done so before, and I was rather nervous at being left alone with my uncle. I got up and opened my door, so that I would hear him if he wanted anything. About ten minutes afterwards I heard the entrance-door being opened with a key from the outside. I supposed it was the nurse returning, but, instead of her, I thought I saw a man's figure pass quickly along the passage and enter my uncle's room. I called out, but the person made no answer."

"Are you sure it was a man?" inquired Mrs. Manning.

"At the time I felt perfectly convinced of it. I listened for a moment, as well as my throbbing heart would allow, but I heard no sound from my uncle's room. Then I was seized with a dreadful fear—I thought perhaps my uncle was being robbed and murdered. I rushed across the passage, screaming, and tried to enter his room. I found the door locked, which terrified me the more. While I was rattling at the handle and making all the noise I could, the door suddenly opened, and I was confronted by my uncle."

"'What is the matter?' he cried sharply.

"'There is a man in the house; I heard him enter your room, uncle!'

"'Nonsense—go to bed! You are a little fool; you have been dreaming!' he said.

"Then he closed the door again, and I retired trembling, but reassured. I suppose I really must have been dreaming."

"Was your uncle up and about?" inquired Carlyon.

"Yes; he wore a dressing gown and a black mask. In fact, his appearance gave me a fresh fright," said Ethel. "I had not seen him since he began to wear a mask."

"It makes him look ghastly, poor fellow!" remarked Carlyon.

"When the nurse returned," resumed Ethel, "I called her in, and told her of my alarm. She seemed very much agitated, and went immediately to my uncle's room. When she came back she was very angry with me, and said I had needlessly alarmed her patient. She had searched everywhere and found no one; so I felt rather ashamed of myself."

"That was just before you left Pont des Puits?"

"Yes. A day or two afterwards," Ethel went on, "the nurse came into my room early one morning, and said that my uncle had dispensed with her services. She told me that he and I were going into the house of a doctor at Rouen. I am sure she said Rouen, and that is why I purposely mentioned that place in the hearing of the concierge."

"It was fortunate for your cousin Stephen that you did leave a clue, as it turned out," said Carlyon. "If we had not gone there and alarmed him, he would have had an unpleasant interview with Mr. Bold and a detective."

The nurse was greatly vexed at the time," said Ethel. "I think she mentioned Rouen by a slip of the tongue; she persisted that she had said Verdun."

"Did you travel there with your uncle?" inquired Carlyon.

"No; my uncle went there with the nurse. The nurse took me to the station at Pont des Puits, where Madame Giraud met me, and I went with her to Verdun. My uncle would not allow me to travel with him."

"Did you see your uncle at Verdun?" inquired Carlyon.

"Yes. I must tell you that I was seized with a dreadful aversion to Doctor Giraud the moment I saw him. I liked Madame Giraud at first, and was delighted at the prospect of going to her house and escaping from the nurse; but Doctor Giraud's manner frightened me, and when I found that I was as closely watched as I had been at Pont des Puits, and was never allowed to leave the house alone, and I insisted upon seeing my uncle. I had heard of his arrival at the house, but I had never been allowed to see him. Doctor Giraud declared that my uncle declined to see me, but I was determined to have an interview with him. At length I prevailed upon Madame Giraud to take me to my uncle's room without her husband's knowledge. She conducted me there one evening, but unluckily my uncle happened to be asleep. While I was wondering whether I should wake him, Doctor Giraud came in; he was dreadfully angry at finding me there, and abused his wife shockingly."

"Did your uncle seem ill?" inquired Carlyon.

"Poor fellow, he had removed his mask, and he looked dreadful—dreadful!" exclaimed Ethel, shuddering and putting her hands to her eyes.

"If Madame Giraud was well disposed could you not have contrived to send a message or a letter through her, darling?" asked Carlyon.

"I sent many letters and many messages," replied Ethel, smiling, "but none of them reached their destination. I at length realized that she was absolutely at the bidding of her husband."

"Tell Eustace what made you run away," said Manning, kissing her.

"I left because I could not help thinking—the suspicion had been growing upon me for some time—that my uncle was not at Doctor Giraud's at all," said Ethel solemnly.

"What?" exclaimed Carlyon, startled.

"I saw him, and yet I sometimes think——"

"That he is dead?" interposed Carlyon.

"I don't know," exclaimed Ethel, with sudden agitation, which startled Carlyon and caused Mrs. Manning to cast a warning glance at him—"I don't know what to think. Doctor Giraud says that I am mad. If I am, they have made me so. But I sometimes doubt whether the poor fellow I saw was really my uncle. My childish recollection of his features is very slight, and of course his illness must have changed him greatly; but still my idea was that the nurse had taken him away somewhere. Yet you say that was not the case?"

"We think not," said Mrs. Manning gently, motioning to Carlyon not to agitate her by seeking further explanations.

"Then I have been heartless, cruel, to leave him!" exclaimed Ethel, springing to her feet and weeping hysterically.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

WHO BORROW PAYS.—Among Sioux Indians, when one family borrows a cooking utensil from another it is expected that, when the vessel is returned, a small portion of the food cooked in it will be left in the bottom. Disregard of this usage ends the borrowing subsequently.

DANCES SOLD BY AUCTION.—A custom that has existed for several centuries is still maintained in some towns on the Lower Rhine. On Easter Monday—auction day—the town crier or clerk calls all the young people together, and to the highest bidder sells the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only, during the entire year that follows. The fees flow into the public poor-box.

WANTED A BLACK FLOWER.—Fame and fortune await the ingenious horticulturist who can succeed in producing a flower that is entirely black—a problem that has hitherto defied the efforts that have been made in that direction for more than three centuries past. For, notwithstanding the sensational novel of Alexandre Dumas, entitled "The Black Tulip," there is no such thing as a really black flower in existence, although almost every color and shade of the rainbow is present in flowers and blossoms.

HIS FIRST AMBITION.—The first ambition of every Chinaman is to have a splendid coffin. A poor man will starve himself for years to buy one. It is always received with great ceremony on its arrival at the house, and is regarded as the most valuable piece of furniture in the establishment. It is kept in the place of honor. There are many strange customs connected with the funeral rites. One of these is the burning at the tomb of paper horses, idols, umbrellas, and clothes. These are supposed to be necessary and useful to the man when he gets to heaven. By being burned they undergo some material resurrection and meet him there.

PAYING A CALL.—When a Chinese makes a call on an acquaintance, he sends in his ordinary visiting card or billet, on which is written, "The tender and sincere friend of your lordship, and the perpetual disciple of your doctrine, presents himself to pay his duty and make his reverence even to the earth." The master of the house meets his visitor at the door, who firmly refuses to enter first; the host then makes him a profound bow, and they go in together. There is a similar scene at the foot of the stairs. After a long exchange of formalities, they go up side by side, but the visitor is obliged to step on the first stair with his right foot, while the master of the house puts his left foot first. Any Chinaman who omits these formalities is regarded as very ill bred.

A NEW USE FOR DIAMONDS.—Brazilian diamonds are now being put to a novel and interesting use. A thin disc of steel, seven feet in diameter, has spaces at intervals of about one and one-half inches. These spaces are filled in with pieces of steel that exactly fit, and into these are set the diamonds, fixed in countersunk screw-heads. They are arranged in groups of eight, and are so placed that they do not follow one exactly after the other in the cut, but each line takes its own course. This kind of circular saw is used for cutting up blocks of stone, and so efficient is it that in less than two and one half years one has cut out four hundred and twenty thousand square feet of stone, at a cost of a trifle less than one penny a square foot. In this time, however, it has been found necessary to renew twenty of the teeth, the average cost of which has been about eight shillings per tooth.

EXPENSIVE ARM CHAIRS.—The Shah of Persia owns the most valuable arm chair in the world. It is made of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones. About a year ago some of the stones were stolen from one of the legs, whereupon the Shah ordered the arrest of a number of servants and held the keeper of the palace responsible for the furniture, with the intimation that if the thief were not discovered the keeper would be beheaded. The culprit being eventually found, was forthwith beheaded and his head carried on a pole by the Imperial bodyguard through the streets of Teheran. A valuable arm chair is in the possession of the Earl of Radnor. It originally cost $40 (£8), and was presented by the city of Augsburg to the Emperor Rudolph II. of Germany about the year 1576. It is of steel, and took the artist about thirty years to make it. The chair became the property of Count Tessin, ambassador from the Court of Sweden to the English Court. Gustavus Brander after wards bought it, as an antique, for 1 800 guineas, and sold it to the Earl of Radnor for 600 guineas.

POST EDITORIAL

LIFE'S WEB.

BY R. G.

A few tiny threads in the web of life,
Touched, and parted, and touched in the strife,
One was strong, and bright, and gay;
Another was fragile, and soft, and gray;
One glittered with the shimmer of gold,
The other was gaudy with color bold.
The strong bright thread and the gaudy ray
Started together in life's great fray;
The garish colors wore dull and old,
The woof of love grew hard and cold;
Then the joy of life was incomplete,
Until the pale gray strand, so soft and sweet,
Worked her wondrous charm in the mottled web,
For she blended the colors, and discord was dead.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED).

BY great good luck Mrs. Johnson happened to have a bottle of ale in the house, and Bernard, as he poured it out, after vainly endeavoring to get Nance to share it with him, declared himself perfectly content and prepared to face the world.

Nance would have given much to have been able to obey him and eat and drink, but, after a vain effort, she leant back, and with downcast eyes sat and listened to him.

For Bernard, with, considering his age, most extraordinary tact and success, talked on as if the fact of their being there together, alone, and presumably man and wife, were the most natural thing in the world; and, indeed, as if they had been married for—well, say, quite a week. But when he had finished his chop, he said, in a low voice—

"Now, dearest, we will go out and—and talk things over. Get your hat and jacket, and mind, not a word to the landlady."

When Mrs. Johnson came in to clear the things away he said—

"I shall have to run up to town for our *luggage, Mrs. Johnson. I didn't bring it* because I did not know whether we should be able to get rooms."

The explanation appeared to be quite satisfactory to Mrs. Johnson.

"Quite so, sir," she said. "But if Mrs. Bernard should want anything, I daresay I could lend it to her. I've a daughter—she's not at home at present—about your good lady's size."

Inwardly groaning, Bernard went down to the gate, and in a very few minutes Nance joined him.

Short as the time of her absence had been, Bernard noticed a change in her face. There was an expression of resolution in the sad eyes and on the lips which he did not understand.

"I want to show you the river," he said. "It is very beautiful about here. Isn't this a pretty place?"

She looked round and at the cottage with its thatched roof and ivy-covered walls dreamily, and murmured assent. They walked across the heath and down to the river side. Bernard got a boat and rowed up stream between the green meadows and the trees that rose sheer from the opposite bank; and presently they came to a small island thickly planted with withes and studded with flowers.

"Let me get you some," he said, as he saw her looking at them wistfully.

They landed, and in silence he gathered a bunch and brought them to her where she sat on a mossy mound at the foot of one of the trees, her eyes fixed on the river, her hands clasped.

He dropped them in her lap.

"Flora's offering," he said.

Then he threw himself down beside her and took her hand.

"Nance," he said, "have you forgiven me for—for deceiving the landlady? I couldn't help it. I couldn't let her think—and after all, it doesn't matter. Nance, you have not forgotten what I said before we started this morning? I love you, Nance; I love you, dear! You know that. Do you love me a little in return?"

With her eyes still fixed on the river, she murmured—

"Yes, I love you!"

He put his arm round her and tried to draw her to him, but gently—very gently—she put him from her.

"But you—you love me, Nance! You will be my wife?" he pleaded.

She turned her face to him. It was very pale, but the look of resolution still sat in her sad eyes.

"No," she said almost inaudibly.

"No!" he echoed, amazed and dismayed. "No, Nance?"

"No," she said. "I will never be your wife."

"Dearest! What do you say?" he remonstrated. "You love me. You have told me so! You will be my wife! You must!"

She shook her head sadly.

"No," she said. "Never, never! Do you think"—her voice came brokenly, but with an undercurrent of firmness—"do you think that I am so ignorant as not to know the difference between us; so blind as not to know that I am not—not fit to be the wife of any honest man?"

"Nance, you are worthy——"

She made a gesture with he hand to stop him.

"I am a common work-girl, you are a gentleman. I am the daughter of—of a thief!" Her voice died away to a tremulous whisper. "I am not fit to speak to you, to be seen in your company. Oh, don't speak; not—not yet! I want all my strength, and—and I am so weak. Do you think that I do not understand how you would lower yourself by marrying such as I am! Oh yes, yes, but I do! I do! I have thought of it and have learnt the truth. I would rather die than drag you down to my level——"

"Drag me down!" he exclaimed. "If you knew——"

"It is because I know!" she said sadly, firmly. "If you married me you would never be able to meet your friends again, your relations again. Everybody would say that I had ruined you; and—and I would rather die! Oh, I wish I were dead! No! no!" for he attempted to take her hand again. "Nothing, nothing will induce me, persuade me. Do you think that I love you so little, and that I am so ungrateful—so forgetful—as to injure you who have done so much for me—for him. Think! You have saved my father, you have been the truest friend that ever a poor helpless girl had. You have never thought of yourself all through, but I must think for you! You have saved him, I will save you!"

A divine light shone in her lovely eyes, a warm flush rose to her pale face, which *heightened her beauty tenfold*, and made her seem to Bernard a woman glorified to an angel.

"Nance!" broke from him as he pressed her hand to his heart. "You cannot mean it!"

"Yes!" she said, drawing her hand away, her eyes resting on him with a woman's tender love and a woman's smile of agonized self-sacrifice, "I do mean it. I will never, never consent. I have meant to say so all along, before—before to day, and all you have done for me. I love you. No, no don't touch me," she prayed to him with clasped hands, "I—I want to do right! Help me! oh, help me!"

"Right!" he cried, hoarsely. "It is wrong, wrong! Grant all you say; what is it to anyone but ourselves. What has the world, my friends, my people, to do with it. We have only our own lives, just our own lives. We must think of our own happiness, Nance. I love you, I must have you for my wife!"

"No," she said, in exactly the same tone, "you—you cannot. You must never ask me again. You will go away, now Cyril."

Her lips trembled and her voice broke with a suppressed sob. "You must go away and forget me. It—it will not be hard. Oh, forgive me. I know that you love me! It will be hard. I—feel that; but it will not be so difficult as you think. You have so many friends; know so many better, more beautiful, women. I have seen them, I know what they are. They are worthy of you; not I! You will find someone to love, someone who will love you—but not better than I do!"—the parenthesis was the outcry of her aching heart, and escaped her ere she knew it—"And she will soon teach you to forget me."

"Never!" he broke out, almost fiercely. "I shall never love another woman, I shall never forget you. What is more, I will not try! You are the one woman in the world for me, Nance, just the one woman. Don't send me away! Don't steel your heart against me, Nance, Nance!"

Her eyes burnt with unshed tears.

"I must, I must!" she moaned. "Oh, I thought you would help me, that you would see how right I am, and that I meant to save you. And I will! Cyril, you will go now; you will leave me! I shall be quite safe! I can work as I have always done. I will stay here at the cottage where you have brought me—oh! how good you have been to me. I shall not feel lonely; only—only, when I think of you. And I will try not to think—to forget. And I will forget! Leave me now. Take me to the other side, and—go back to London and your friends."

He rose. The river sang in his ears, the opposite bank loomed as if through a mist before his eyes. His first passion, a strong man's passion, merciless as death itself, shook him from head to foot.

"I will not!" he said, "you shall be my wife! You have no right to refuse, to send me away after you have told me that you love me. Come to me, Nance!" And he stretched out his hands to her in wild appeal.

She rose but shrank back, repelling him with her hand.

"No! I will never consent, never. Oh, take me back and go!"

His face went white and his lips straightened.

"You do not love me!" he said, hoarsely. "You may think you do but you don't, or you would not send me away. God forgive you, Nance, you have broken my heart.—I—I will not harass you any more. Yes, I will go! Come!"

He held out his hand to her, but she got into the boat without touching his hand. He rowed to the opposite bank, and they got out and stood side by side in silence for a moment. He seemed dazed—as if, indeed, his heart were broken. He passed his hand across his forehead, and looking straight before him said—

"I will go back to London, and send you some things from the cottage. You will be quite safe here. You will need some money; don't"—fiercely "don't refuse to let me help you. You shall not!"

"No," she said meekly, humbly, "but I have enough, and there is money owing me. I do not want any."

"Very well," he said, huskily. "I will send the things I think you want. I can get them from the servant. If—if, you should want me—but you will not, you are too proud. I know! Yes, you have left your pride break my heart and ruin my life. Go now. I will wait here until I see you safe at the cottage. I—oh, Nance, Nance, and I love you so! Good-bye!"

He did not offer her his hand, and turned his head away that she might not see the tears of which his manhood was ashamed.

"Good-bye!" she breathed. She turned away, walked a few steps, then, with a cry, was back at his side, her hands outstretched, her eyes blinded with tears.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot! I love you! I love you! I cannot go or let you go! I will never be your wife—never, but I cannot let you go! Speak to me, dearest—dearest! only let me stay with you!"

The next moment she was on his heart, her lips made dumb by his kisses upon her face. It was the supreme moment of woman's self-sacrifice.

And let those who are ready to cast their stone of blame at her pause while they place themselves in her position, and ask themselves if, were her case theirs, they would not have done even as she had done. Let her great, unselfish love plead for her.

CHAPTER XV.

THERE is a little village at Long Ditton with the usual complement of shops—a baker's, a butcher's, a small general store, and a still smaller jeweller's. On their way back to the cottage Bernard paused at the window of the latter and looked in.

"Wait a moment for me, dearest," he whispered.

He was not inside many minutes, and when he came out he said nothing; but when they reached the shelter of the trees that fringed the heath, he took her hand, and slipped something on her finger.

Nance started and looked at it. The something was a plain gold ring.

"My wife!" he whispered.

She shook her head, and made as if she would take the ring off; but his hand closed over hers and held it, and still held it as they reached the cottage gate.

"Go in now, dearest, and rest," he said. "I shall not be long."

"Where are you going?" she asked, almost inaudibly.

"To London," he said. "I shall not be long. It is only a short drive, and I shall bring the dog-cart. Leave that ring where it is. You will obey me, Nance?"

"Yes," she breathed. "I will obey."

He had to wait some little time at the station, but the train was an express, and he was soon in London. He went to his room, ordered his dog-cart, and his man to pack a portmanteau.

"I am going out of town for a time, Robson," he said. "No, I shall not want you. You can keep the letters, as my address is uncertain. I shall not want George"—that was the groom. "Get some change," and he wrote a cheque, "and put a spare portmanteau in the cart."

When the dog cart came round he drove to Eden-row. The broker's man was sprawled out in Nance's chair. A pot of ale was on her work-table, and the room was filled with the odor of cheap and strong tobacco. Bernard, with a shudder, placed the required amount on the table.

"There you are, my man," he said, "and there is half a sovereign for yourself. If you feel like earning it, clear out as soon as you can." And he pitched the pint pot out of the window.

When the man, almost too astounded to grunt his thanks, shuffled out, Bernard called in Sarah, who was snivelling in the passage, and told her to pack up Nance's things. He, himself, collected Nance's books, her lace-pillow, and one or two knick-knacks which he felt she would treasure, and packed them with loving care in the empty portmanteau, and in less than an hour was ready to start.

"You can take charge while Miss Grey is away," he said to Sarah, who stared from his face to the gold in her hand in blank bewilderment. "If Mr. Grey should come back, tell him—well, tell him to leave his address," he added.

As he drove away, with a last look at the place which was sacred to him as the home of his darling, a newspaper boy came round the corner with evening papers and yelled—

"Horful haccident in the West Hend Death of a countess! All the de-tails for a halfpenny!"

The mare, started by the demoniacal yell swerved aside, and Bernard had to pull up to prevent an upset. Quite unabashed, the newsboy seized the opportunity, and, springing on to the step of the cart, thrust a paper under Bernard's nose.

At another time, Bernard would have sworn, but his heart was too full of happiness this evening to permit him to be angry with anything or anybody, and he took the paper, thrust it under the seat, and, tossing the boy a coin drove on.

Becky, the mare, was allowed to stretch herself on that journey as she had never been allowed before, and she sped along the road in high glee, and at a pace that soon brought Bernard to the cottage.

At the sound of the wheels the door opened and Mrs. Johnson appeared.

"Ha! Mrs. Bernard all right?" he asked.

The landlady smiled. "Not been married long, at any rate," she thought. "Oh, yes, sir; she's waiting supper for you."

"All right," he said, "just stand by the mare's head——" But a slim figure glided past Mrs. Johnson, and went to Becky, and Mrs. Johnson discreetly retired.

"You have come back," Nance said, laying her face against Becky's sleek, satiny neck.

"Yes," he said, with a short laugh of joy and happiness. "Did you think I had gone for ever, Nance? You are not afraid of her?" meaning the mare.

"No; I am not afraid," she said. "What is that?" she asked, as he lifted out the portmanteau.

"You'll see," he said. "You can unpack them while I take Becky round to the inn stables."

He carried the boxes into the passage, and went out to her again. He would have taken her in his arms there and then, but Mrs. Johnson was standing in the passage superintending the conveyal of the portmanteaus upstairs, and Nance shyly shrank back.

He drove round to the stables, and saw the mare comfortably housed.

"Here's a newspaper, sir," said the ostler.

"Never mind," said Bernard; "you can keep it. It is not often you get the London news so quickly, eh, my man?"

Then he went back to the village.

Supper was laid, the room looked the essence of cheerfulness and comfort. Nance stood awaiting him, pale still, but with the light of love in her violet eyes. She was grave, but sad no longer. She stood with her hands folded before her, as Esther might have stood before the king—as a woman stands before the man for whom she has made the supreme sacrifice.

He went to her and took her in his arms and kissed her on lips and brow.

"Yes, I have come back, Nance!" he said, the words, low as they were, ringing with the music of a passionate love and devotion. "Come back, never to go away again. Never again while life lasts! Tell me—whisper, Nance—do you love me? Are you glad that I have come back? You will not send me away?"

She did not answer, but stood with eyes fixed on his, her hands resting on his shoulder, almost clasping his neck.

He waited, his gaze searching her heart; then he took her left hand down and looked at it.

The plain gold ring was still on her finger.

With a cry of unspeakable joy he caught her to him—

"My Nance!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY were happy! One writes the sentence with misgivings, for it is given to so few to taste perfect happiness in this saddest of worlds; but of those few Nance and Bernard may surely be counted.

Love had turned this rather unsatisfactory planet of ours into a globe of glorious light and joy. And, strange to say, their love for each other grew instead of diminished as the days glided by; for, day by day, Nance became a revelation to him. He had known that she was beautiful, he had thought her sweet and lovable, but it was not until he knew her as he knew her now that he realized that woman was indeed God's greatest gift to man.

Sometimes he found himself gazing at her in a kind of silent wonder, and listening to her in a like amazement. For, as a plant will develop and put out its beauteous flowers under the influence of a kindly sun, Nance was developing and putting out the blossoms of divine womanhood.

Hitherto he had known her as a shy, nervous girl, depressed by the presence of an unworthy father; but alone with Bernard, and cherished with his love, her nature had room to expand.

And not only her nature, but her intellect. Bernard soon discovered that the woman of his heart was not only beautiful but clever. She had remembered what she had read, had assimilated all that was good, and cast aside all that was bad; the result was that, whereas most girls in her position would have bored him with their ignorance, Nance's influence over him increased daily. He not only loved her more dearly than he had done at first, but he grew to respect her as he had never respected any other woman.

Myrtle Cottage became a veritable bower of Eden to these two—of an Eden in which, for the present, there was no serpent.

As for Nance, her love could not have increased, for it was of perfect proportions *from* the beginning. He was the king of men to her, her hero, her god; and that was the whole case. At any moment she would have been content to lay down her life for his sake; but she did better than die for him—she lived for him, and him only.

Nature even seemed in sympathy with them. The weather was lovely. The sun shone every day, and the gilded hours flew by to a strain of unseen music.

Every morning, after breakfast, they would go down to the boat, or for a drive in the dog-cart. Sometimes Nance herself would row or drive, for she had learnt to handle the sculls and the reins with a facility that delighted and astonished Bernard.

"There is nothing you couldn't do if you tried, Nance," he said one day, as he lay in the bottom of the boat, with his pipe in his mouth, and gazed at her with half-closed eyes as she slowly pulled the light boat against the scarcely perceptible stream.

The blush of pleasure which the smallest word of praise or love from him had power to call to her face, made her look very beautiful; and his eyes opened with a lover's fond admiration as he asked himself whether any girl in the world ever looked more lovely than his did in her light morning gown, which was no whiter than the shapely white throat that rose from it, with the rich chestnut hair gleam-golden here and there in the sunlight, with the eyes deepened almost into black with dreamy reverie.

He leant forward and touched with his lips the small hands, tanned faintly by the sun's hot kisses, and freed one of her hands to lay it caressing on his head.

"Oh, yes," she said, smiling down at him, "there are heaps of things. I could not play football or cricket, or, for that matter, even the piano," she sighed, though smiling still. "There's scarcely anything I can do, when you come to think of it;" her eyes drew away from his face to the sky wistfully. "I wish I were more like other women, Cyril."

"Thank heaven, you can't have your wish!" he said devoutly.

"Ah, you don't understand," she said softly. "But it does not matter so long as—as you are satisfied with me."

He turned so that he could put his arm round her slim waist—they had the river all to themselves—and drew her face down to him.

"That's easy enough for me, Nance," he said humbly. "The difficult thing must be for you to be satisfied with me."

"You will upset the boat," she said, touching his forehead with her lips slightly.

"Who cares! But tell me, Nance, are you really satisfied? Don't you sometimes realize that I am an ignorant kind of dunce, unworthy——"

She put her soft, warm palm against his lips.

"Hush!" she said solemly. "Don't say that kind of thing, even in jest, Cyril. You are to me——" She stopped, and something like tears dimmed her lovely eyes. "You are to me—everything; just the whole wide world, and everything behind it."

He leant back, awed by her tone and look, and was silent for a moment or two; then he said—

"Read to me, Nance, I'm a dunce, I know—though I did't discover it fully until lately—but I like to hear you read. I seem to understand the meaning ever so much more easily when you read than when I'm reading myself. How't that, I I wonder? I suppose you are a bit of an actress. Seriously, Nance, you are awfully clever."

She laughed as she shipped the sculls and picked up the book, a volume of poems, which would have bored Bernard to death—a month ago.

"I shall be awfully vain if you do not take care sir," she said.

He looked at her gravely.

"No, you won't, Nance," he said, with a shrewdness one would not have suspected him to possess. "Nothing would make you vain. I never knew a woman so free from small vices. I don't believe you half know your worth. For instance, I don't believe you care what you wear."

She laughed again, her eyes resting on him with a tender love.

"Do I not? Why, I never put on a gown or do my hair without thinking, 'Will he like this dress; will he like it done up in this way?"

"Ah," he said. "That's all on my account. You don't care for yourself. Now, most women dress to please each other."

"Then they must have no one to love," she said, simply; "while I——"

She stopped, and, opening the book, began to read. She had chosen Browning from the small library which Bernard had caused to be sent down to Myrtle Cottage, and Bernard, as she read in the soft, low voice which seemed to give effect to the dullest passages, wondered why people declared Browning difficult to understand she made him easy enough.

She was reading that wonderful love poem, "In a balcony," and her clear, melodious voice vibrated in sympathy with the characters, so that Bernard seemed to actually see and hear them.

When she had finished she let the book fall, and looked across the river dreamily.

"And it is all true," she murmured, more to herself than to him.

"Nance?"

"I mean," with sudden shyness, "it is true that women and men are content to die for love's sake. It is not all a fiction of the poets and novelists."

"You don't want to die, Nance?" he said, trying to laugh, but failing.

"No," she said, smiling at him, but with a touch of sad wistfulness. "One does not want to die when one is happy, unless——"

"And you are happy, Nance?" he said, taking her hand, and laying it against his sunburnt neck.

"Yes," she said, with simple truth, "I am quite happy——"

"Why did you say 'unless'?"

"Because—well, at times one remembers that one cannot be happy for long——"

"Nance!" reproachfully.

"And that one might not be happy when one does not deserve to be so."

"Nance!" he exclaimed again. "You deserve all the happiness——"

She shook her head gently, but with the smile still on her half-parted lips that always seemed to invite his kiss.

"No; ah, no! But I can't think of anything, excepting that you and I are together, alone in all the world, and that you love me." She spoke the words without a trace of false shyness. She knew they were true. "I ought to think of so many things; of—of my father—of—of——" She could not finish, but he understood, and his voice was scarcely above a whisper as he rejoined earnestly—

"Nance—dearest—you have no cause to accuse yourself on his account. He left you before you left him; you did not leave him! And—and, Nance, remember! What I said a month ago I say now with all my heart. Be my wife!"

She put out her hand as if to push away the subject as well as to stop him.

"No!"

That was all. A moment or two afterwards, as if she had succeeded in banishing all remembrance of the thoughts that had risen, ghost-like, in her mind, she turned her face to him, all smiles.

"Cyril, I am hungry!"

He sprang up, making the light-boat rock.

"So am I; starving!" he exclaimed. He got out the picnic-basket, and arranged the simple lunch which Mrs. Johnson had, for all its simplicity, made and packed daintily, and, laughing and chatting, they sat side by side, and ate it.

Now and again a boat passed them; but few persons were on the river, and they seemed to have it all to themselves in the backwater behind the island to which they had drifted.

After lunch Bernard pulled home. He had ordered the dog-cart to be in waiting for them, and presently they were bowling along the level Surrey roads, Nance managing Becky—who had followed her master's example and learned to love her—with a light but skilful hand.

As they passed through the little village the people looked at them with a natural curiosity, mingled with their admiration and interest.

Mrs. Johnson was no gossip, but it was as well known as if the facts were published in the local newspaper that Mr. and Mrs. Bernard were on their honeymoon. In this the Long Ditton tradespeople and few residents saw nothing surprising; but they were rather astonished and puzzled in the fact that no visitors ever came to see them, and that the postman never had any letters for them. The Long Dittonites were no more curious or censorious than the rest of mankind, but they felt that such complete isolation from the world was rather curious, even in a newly-married couple, and they talked.

The doctor's wife, for instance, at a high tea that afternoon, given for the express purpose of discussing Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, gave it as her opinion "that it was strange," and shaking her head, whispered that she hoped nothing "was wrong."

"He looks a gentleman, and she a lady. Yes, certainly they are all right in that direction," remarked the vicar's wife, "and they both come to church every Sunday morning."

"And she has the sweetest and most innocent of faces," said the vicar. "I should find it hard to credit anyone, with such a face, of evil. We must remember that charity——"

"Yes," cut in the vicaress, who was rather apt to interrupt her lord and master in a way that sometimes annoyed him and always amused his flock. "Yes, but we must remember that appearances are deceitful. We can't forget that pretty girl who came down here three years ago with her 'husband,' as he was supposed to be, and left without paying their bills, and figured in the Divorce Court afterwards."

"I am told by Biles, the grocer, that Mrs. Bernard pays her bills with scrupulous regularity," said the vicar, meekly.

"If you think they are quite respectable I'd better call on them," said his wife, upon whom the appearance of Bernard and Nance and the handsome horse and dog-cart which had just gone by had had their effect.

The vicar coughed.

"I really think you might, my dear."

"Very well," she said, "I will call to-morrow. It is no use this afternoon, as they have gone out."

Happily unconscious of the amiable little plot against their solitude, Bernard and Nance drove on through the sweet-smelling lanes and over the broad, gorse covered heaths to the little country inn where they were to get some tea before returning to dinner.

They reached the inn, and got their tea in a quaint, old-fashioned room opening on to a garden filled with roses and lavender, stocks and mignonette, which Bernard said reminded him, though it was so unlike, of some of the gardens abroad.

"I've got to show you Italy and Switzerland, and all the rest of it, Nance," he said. "We'll cut across the Channel and look 'em up when we get tired of Myrtle Cottage and Long Ditton."

"Then we shall not go for a long, a very long time," she said, leaning against the door, on the step of which he sat smoking. "At least, I shall never grow tired of it. But you—tell me the truth, Cyril," she went on with sudden gravity, her hand caressing his short, wavy hair, "don't you miss your London life and all your friends? Tell me the exact truth, please. Sometimes I think that I must be the most selfish of mortals to keep you away from them all. Wouldn't you like to go away from me occasionally, just for a change? If so, and I think it must be so—for how can you help being bored, shut up always with someone who knows nothing of the things you care for?—if so, please go; I shall not mind."

He laughed shortly as he drew her hand down and kissed it.

"If I didn't know you very well I should think you wanted to get rid of me, Nance!" he said. "No, I'm not at all anxious to leave you; and as for missing the old life and the old friends—well, I'd rather have you than an army of them. Make your mind easy on my account, Nance. I'm as happy as a sandboy; and you can't be happier than that individual, I believe."

These were sweet words for her to hear, and she breathed a sigh of gratitude and love. She felt, when she heard him speak thus, that she had not made her great sacrifice in vain. Reluctantly, they ordered Becky to be harnessed, and started for home.

"You shall drive, Cyril," she said. "I feel lazy." And she leant back with half closed eyes, her hand now and again touching his arm lovingly.

Presently, while they were in a narrow lane, they heard the sound of an approaching vehicle.

"Something coming; there's just room to pass, and no more," he said.

The coming vehicle turned out to be a stylish mail-phaeton, well filled with ladies and gentlemen, who were evidently in the best of spirits, for they were laughing and talking gaily. A lady was driving, and Bernard frowned and bit his lip as he saw that it was Lady Fanny Howard. A man he knew sat beside her, and Lady Grandison and a daughter of Lady Barkley's were behind.

"Is there room for them to pass?" said Nance.

Then as she glanced at him, she saw the cloud on his face and understood it.

Lady Fanny drew the horses up to a walk, then stopped them altogether as, coming abreast of the dog-cart, she recognized Bernard.

"Why, how do you do?" she exclaimed in her loud, boyish voice. "What a surprise!" Then she stopped short and looked at Nance without seeming to do so—the look with which a woman takes in the whole appearance of another, from top to toe.

Bernard raised his hat; the man beside Lady Fanny did likewise; the two other ladies bowed; but Nance felt that they were regarding her with "frozen eyes" and the color rose to her face, then left it pale.

"Are you staying here? We heard you had gone to Africa," asked Lady Fanny, who was not a bit embarrassed or put out of countenance. "We are going down to a rough-and-tumble dinner at the Wheatsheaf."

As she spoke she looked at Nance pointedly, as if she wanted to see whether Bernard would introduce her: then, as Bernard made a conventional reply that sounded stiff by reason of his embarrassment, her manner changed, and, with a curt nod she said, "Delightful weather, isn't it? Good-bye!" and drove on. The other ladies did not vouchsafe him even a parting bow.

Bernard touched the mare with his whip, and she sprang forward. Nance said not a word, but leant as far back as she could, and as far away from him. He felt constrained to speak at last.

"That was Lady Fanny Howard," he said in a would-be casual way; "she is a gay young person, a regular tom boy—a great chum of my father's, who is a bit of a tom-boy himself. Did you think her pretty?"

Nance was a silent moment.

"They were all friends of your?" she said in a low voice.

He nodded.

"Yes, Lady Grandison and Miss Barkley; the man in front is in the Guards; the ladies are old friends——"

"And they did not speak to you—scarcely bowed when they went," she said painfully. "I—I know the reason; yes, I know," and her voice trembled, "it was because I was with you."

He flushed, and bit at his moustache.

"Now, Nance, don't be foolish, dearest," he said soothingly; "there wasn't much time for prolonged conversation."

"They would have passed you as if they had not known you, if the young lady had not spoken," she said with quiet conviction. "Yes; I have separated you from your friends!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE pearl fishery of Ceylon has realized upwards of £50,000 this season.

FLOWERS.

BY J. S.

Heaven cheers our way with dreamy flowers,
And through the light imparts
Those charms which come like vernal showers,
To cheer our fainting hearts.

Amear some noiseless angel strays,
Some flower forever blooms,
With love and joy and beauty rife,
To star the darkest scenes of life.

Daffodil.

BY K. C.

A LONG low celled room, with three large windows all wide open to the fresh spring wind and sunshine—a room about which there is an indescribable old world air, in spite of the chairs being too modern and conducive to lounging for it to be supposed that the great grandmothers of the present generation ever occupied them.

By one of the open windows, staring fixedly at the green-tinted wood which stretches away from the farther side of the smooth velvety lawn, a young man stands with hands thrust deeply into his pockets and an expression of intense gravity on his face.

In the centre of the room, in one of the easiest of the lounging chairs, with the appearance of one who is in the habit of making herself comfortable, however disagreeable circumstances may be, sits a young girl with a face as fair to look upon as the bright spring morning itself, and as changeable from sunshine to shadow as April weather.

She glances half impatiently at the clock on the chimney-piece, and then breaks into a peal of merry laughter, which lasts uncontrolled for several seconds.

"What is amusing you?" asks a grave voice, which harmonizes with the expression of the young man's face.

"My good Regie, how can you ask?" the girl replies, drying her eyes. "It is enough to make one laugh oneself ill! Here have you and I been sent into this room to say our lesson, and we have spent nearly an hour in absolute silence; it is too absurd, *the whole affair!"—and leaning back in* her chair, she gives way once more to her mirth.

Suddenly however her laughing ceases as Regie says soberly—

"I cannot see that it is a laughing matter at all, Daffodil."

"Ah, but then you and I always look at matters from a different point of view!" she returns, with a shake of her bright head. After a slight pause, she goes on, with a faint little sigh, "But, whether we laugh or groan over it, the fact remains, Regie, and we must make up our minds to it—the sooner the better!"

"My mind is made up," he says, crossing the room to her side.

"So is mine!"—rising hastily from her chair and biting her lip to restrain a smile.

All desire to smile is soon gone however. Regie slowly withdraws his hands from his pockets, and, extending one of them towards her, says quietly—

"Daffodil, will you marry me?"

Although the girl knew what was coming and laughed heartily over it for a few minutes ago, now, when the time has arrived for her ready-made reply. Regie's voice and manner awe her not a little, and it is in a very faint and nervous whisper that she answers—

"Yes, Regie."

Then she puts her slim hand on his, and there follows a deep silence. They stand side by side, hand in hand, for what seems hours to them both. Then Regie stoops and gravely kisses the soft cheek nearest to him.

Daffodil instantly turns a vivid scarlet.

"What are you thinking of?" she cries, in an excited indignant tone. "That is not in the bond, is it? If we agree to marry each other from purely business motives, it does not follow that we are to pretend to —to make love, I hope?"

"I beg your pardon," says Regie apologetically; "I really did not mean to offend you."

"Oh, I am not offended," she returns, pressing both her hands to her scarlet cheeks—"only don't do it again, please! I—I don't think I like it—I am not used to it, you see!"—and she ends with a hysterical little laugh.

The next morning, when they have been engaged for not quite four-and-twenty hours, see them walking sedately along a primrose-bordered path which runs close by the side of a rushing gurgling stream. Over their heads the trees have their freshest foliage of tender green, in every corner of the little wood the birds are singing their best and bravest. The newly-engaged couple however walk silently along, as far apart as the narrow limits of the pathway permit.

Regie's eyes are contemplating something of apparently intense interest in the distant patches of blue sky that are visible through openings here and there in the foliage. Daffodil carries herself very erect; her bearing is expressive of extreme disdain. They have been very nearly having a quarrel—at least, there have been on the girl's part sundry fiery skirmishes, and, on the part of her companion, sedate quietly-uttered rebuffs.

At last Daffodil comes to an abrupt standstill, and says—

"Regie!"

"Yes, Daffodil?" he replies; and, lowering his eyes from contemplating the heavens, he gazes into her face.

"I only wanted to say—at least, I think I ought to beg your pardon for being rude. I was rude, I know; but you made me very angry."

Regie smiles.

"It is unfortunate," he says; "but, if you reflect, you will find I have always been so unlucky as to make you angry, as you say."

"I don't know how it is," Daffodil exclaims, with a little despairing gesture; "you see, we are as different in all respects as we well can be."

"We are," Regie assents, rather with the air of a man who considers he has the best of the bargain.

Daffodil steps a little closer to him and lays a somewhat nervous hand upon his coat-sleeve.

"I am going to say something now with which you must agree," she says, speaking rather hurriedly and with increased color in her fair face. "We are engaged to be married; and, when we are married, how hateful it will be if we are always squabbling over the merest trifles!"

"I never squabble," Regie interposes majestically.

"No—of course not; but I do, I'm sorry to say, and that comes to much the same thing. Well, what I mean is that"—still redder—"I will really do my very best to get on with you. Up to now I have never tried: but I am going to turn over a new leaf. I will not be angry, no matter how high and mighty you are. Oh, yes, you know you are high and mighty at times! But from this hour I will up make my mind not to quarrel with you, however provoked I may feel. Still, Regie, you really must let me be a little frivolous now and then; it is part of my nature, and I can no more help it than I can help laughing when I am glad or crying when I am sorry! And who knows but that, if you only have patience with me, I may at some remote period settle down into as sober a member of society as you are yourself? But you must not expect too much of me at first!"—and she smiles faintly.

"My dear child," says Regie, "I cannot let you talk so. I should be very sorry indeed to see you suddenly changed into a staid old woman, and, as you ask me to put up with what you call your frivolity, I must beg of you to make allowances for my being a sober member of society—for I suppose I cannot help it either; and I promise you, Daffodil, that I will do all in my power to make your life as my wife a happy one."

There is a short silence; both their faces are very grave.

"We are not lovers," Daffodil says slowly at last, "but there is no earthly reason why we should not be friends. I hoist a flag of truce, Regie; let us be friends!"

Then they solemnly shake hands.

* * * * * * *

April has smiled and wept itself nearly out. Down the path by the side of the stream Daffodil comes running. She is laughing out of sheer light-heartedness, though there are only the birds to hear her. This morning Regie went away, and his fiancee rejoices in her freedom. Suddenly she stops on the very spot where, only a few days ago, she announced her intention of endeavoring to become "a sober member of society," and for about half a minute her merry face assumes some semblance of gravity; then she exclaims aloud—

"It is of no use; I am glad he is gone, though only for a week, and it is no good pretending I am not!"—and she laughs again and hastens on.

A few minutes' walk, or rather run, brings her to the high wooden paling that divides the wood from the fields beyond. Close by the river-side there is a stile, on the top step of which Daffodil seats herself to rest. Not ten yards away, on the other side of the paling, standing idly by the river, with his back to her, is a man, too—at the sight of whom the girl utters a little exclamation of surprise, and then calls out—

"Mr. St. George!"

He turns with a start, and then hastens up to the girl.

"When did you return to your native land?" she asks, stretching out her hand to him with a welcoming smile.

"Only last night," he replies.

"Were you meditating suicide when I called to you just now?" inquires Daffodil gaily.

"Not quite"—with a slight smile. "I was only thinking of something I heard this morning which surprised me not a little. It was something about you." He looks at her searchingly.

She meets his gaze with a puzzled expression in her eyes.

"About me?" she says. "What can—— Oh, of course—my engagement to Regie, was it?" she concludes, without even the faintest blush and still looking at him.

"It is true, then?"—with quick anxiety.

"True? Oh, yes—it's true enough! You say you are surprised? Why?"

"Because"—turning his eyes from her to the glittering sunlit stream—"I always thought that you two were utterly different in all respects, that you had no idea or tastes in common—in short, I fancied you found it wearisome to—to live under the same roof; and, as to imagining for a moment—— But I beg your pardon humbly for my mistake!"

"After all, you are not mistaken, though," says Daffodil slowly. "We have no tastes in common, we rarely see things in the same light, and we weary each other insufferably! There is no disguising the fact."

"Then why, in Heaven's name," begins Mr. St. George, in utter amazement; but he stops short, and adds hastily, "I apologize again; I have no right to ask."

"Why not? You have as much right as any one else; and I am going to enlighten you, because you look so thoroughly mystified, and also because it is better for every one to know the facts of the case at once and not rush off with the absurd idea that ours is a love-marriage;" and she breaks into a gay laugh.

"What is it, then?"

"Purely an affair of business—a mariage de convenance."

"To begin at the beginning," says Daffodil, "Regie's father and mine were first-cousins, as you are possibly aware. Well, it seems that they quarrelled—from what cause is not known—like Regie and I do, no doubt—and finally they each registered a vow never to see or speak to each other again; and, as far as I can make out, they never did. They had an uncle, a rich old bachelor, who did everything in his power to reconcile them; but it was of no use. Regie's father died shortly afterwards, and the uncle adopted Regie and his sister—Mrs. Long, you know. Then, when, ten years ago, I was left alone in the world, I was brought to live with him too; and, when he died, which was soon afterwards, he left his property divided between Regie and me, but he also left a letter, to be opened when I came to years of discretion. This letter was found to contain a request that Regie and I should marry. There is the case plainly stated. It is some time now since the letter was opened; but we became engaged only a few days ago. We both agreed that it was best so; all our relatives wished it; and it would be a thousand pities to divide the property, when by such a simple arrangement it could be kept intact. And so you understand?"

"Yes—I understand"—shortly.

Daffodil does not seem quite satisfied with his reply.

"What do you think of it?" she asks.

St. George does not answer immediately. He stoops to pick a primrose; then, with great energy, he tosses it into the water.

"I think," he says at last, confronting the girl, his dark complexioned face a little pale and an expression of anger in his handsome eyes, "it is the most cruel and wicked thing I ever heard of to sacrifice you for——"

"Oh, nonsense," Daffodil interrupts quickly—"there is no question of sacrifice, Mr. St. George! You have got a whole series of wrong ideas into your head. You must understand I am free to do as I please. I need not marry Regie unless I like, and he need not marry me. We each act on our own free will."

"And, whatever may happen, you will do it?"

"Well, not quite, though I really think Regie, in the belief that it is his duty to do as his uncle wished, would marry me all the same if I were to tumble you into the river and drown you, provided of course that I was hanged for it."

"And you? Is your sense of duty as strong?" Mr. St. George inquires, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Well—no," she returns thoughtfully. "I attached two conditions to my consent; but they are both so absurd I might as well have had none. The first is, if Regie is guilty of anything very disgraceful, such as forgery or embezzlement, I retire from the scene; but you know it is too ludicrous to imagine that that estimable creature could do anything of the sort!"

"And the other condition?"

"Is so absurd that I always laugh when I think of it. It is the—the—what shall I say?—the possibility of my falling in love with some one before I become Regie's wife."

After this they are silent for awhile. Daffodil has turned her face, red and confused-looking after her last words, towards the wood; St. George is staring fixedly at the daisies in the grass at his feet

Suddenly he raises his head, and says, in a voice in which there is no anger or bitterness now, but a world of weary pain—

"And, if some one is in love with you, what then?"

The girl starts, her eyes meet his, and slowly the bright color fades from her cheeks.

The April sun is still shining, the river still runs merrily by, but, though no other word is spoken, the whole fair world is changed to those two from that moment.

* * * * * *

"Daffodil's unpunctuality daily becomes worse!" says Mrs. Long, sighing. "We have quite finished breakfast, and everything is stone-cold, yet there is no sign of her!"

Mr. Long makes no response; he very seldom does.

"A letter has come for her from Regie, too," continues his wife. "Really they might be lovers; he left only yesterday, and——"

The door opens and Daffodil enters.

"Good morning!" says Mr. Long reproachfully.

"Good morning, Emily! It is of no use apologizing for being late, is it? I am beyond hope of pardon."

So saying, Daffodil seats herself and takes up her letters. At the sight of Regie's she exclaims—

"What on earth can he have found to say to me so soon?"

She opens the letter at once however. After hurriedly running through it, she lays it down, and, leaning back in her chair, looks with blank amazement at her cousin.

"Well, what is the matter?" Mr. Long asks.

"Regie wants to fix the day for our wedding," replies Daffodil, in a tone of abject despair.

"Is that so astonishing?"

"But he wants it to be the first of June!"

"Well?" interrogates Mrs. Long placidly.

"Oh, but it isn't well at all!" the girl cries. "The first of June! Why, that is only a month from to-day! Oh, Emily, it is impossible!" She rises, pushes back her chair, and crosses the room to the window. It is a very damp sad-looking view upon which her miserable eyes rest.

"I don't see that," says Mrs. Long slowly, as if weighing the pros and cons of the question. "It does seem a little soon, certainly; but you know you have to all intents and purposes been engaged since January last. And you have lived in the same house since you were children, so you have not the excuse of a slight acquaintanceship."

"No, indeed!"—with a dismal sigh.

"Why, then, is it impossible?"

"My clothes," says Daffodil desperately. "You forget we have been preparing for the last month at least."

There is a brief silence, during which Daffodil tries in vain to think of a loophole whereby she may escape.

"Have you any valid reason for not wishing to marry my brother?" demands Emily Long severely, eyeing her future sister-in-law.

"No, no, no!" exclaims Daffodil, coming back to her seat with a confused air. After a pause, she goes on, "I have no further objection to make, Emily. Let the wedding take place on the first of June, or to-morrow, if Regie wishes; it will be all the same, I suppose, a hundred years hence!"—with a faint attempt at a laugh.

"I am going to write to Regie now. Shall I say, then——"

"Say anything you like!" Daffodil in-

terrupts sharply; and Mrs. Long leaves the room.

"Daffodil," says Mr. Long, speaking for the first time as the door closes behind his wife, "why are you going to marry Regie if you dislike the idea so much?"

"It is not that, Henry," she returns miserably; "only I—— Oh, I don't know what I want; I feel so bewildered and confused, and it is so very soon, it frightens me!"

He rises and crosses the room to her side.

"My dear," he says gently, laying a hand upon her shoulder, "I see there is something wrong; but what it may be I neither know nor ask—only, Daffodil, do not decide too hastily. It will be no use regretting when it is too late to withdraw—when——"

"It is too late now!" she breaks in with a little sob. "No, Henry, we must let things take their course; and, after all, as Emily says, I have no valid reason for not letting them do so."

"You are quite sure?"—looking at her gravely.

"Yes—quite sure"—moving uneasily away from him; and then suddenly she breaks down and cries piteously.

* * * * * *

A week has passed with extraordinary swiftness, Daffodil thinks. It has been a wet dismal time, rain falling from morning until night and from night until morning. The flowers hang their heavy battered heads close down to the sodden earth, their once clean bright petals all splashed and spoiled with mud, and the merry spring wind no longer rushes through the trees.

Daffodil stands by the drawing-room window, staring idly out at the soaked garden. The heavy clouds part a little, and a solitary cold sunbeam struggles out for a moment, then hurriedly disappears. Daffodil gives a dreary sigh; and, as she does so, the door is opened and Mr. St. George is announced.

"How good of you!" the girl cries, coming forward a little. "I declare you deserve the Victoria Cross for coming to call on a day like this!"

"I have come to say 'Good-bye'" he returns.

"To say 'Good-bye!'" echoes Daffodil.

"Yes; circumstances have arisen," begins Sir George, evidently having learned his speech beforehand; but, for all that, he can get no farther with it. "I must go to-morrow," he ends abruptly and awkwardly.

Then there is a long silence. There is no need for Daffodil to ask why he is going, for she knows; he told her his secret on the day they were together by the stile, when he said, "And, if some is in love with you, what then?" and he is going away.

"When are you to be married?" he asks at length.

"On the first of June," she answers, leaning her head against the window-pane, with her face turned away from him.

"So soon?"

"Yes—it is soon, is it not—horribly soon?"—with a shiver. "I tried to put it off; but no one seemed to see any reason for so doing, so I suppose it will take place then."

"I shall think of you on that day," St. George says gently.

"Do not, please!" cries Daffodil, with a forced laugh. "I shall not be a pleasant subject to think of, I assure you; my eyes and nose will be a fine red, and swelled to three times their natural size from crying."

"Why should you cry? I thought you told me you were acting of your own free will?"

"So I am"—nervously—"only—only I always do cry at weddings, and am not likely to make my own the exception! You have not told me where you are going," she adds, after a pause.

"To Africa first, and afterwards wherever my fancy may lead me."

"Then you will be away for a long time?"

"Probably."

There is such deep sadness in his voice that all the pity in the girl is awakened by it; she looks up at him with her eyes full of tears.

"I am so sorry," she whispers brokenly—"oh, so very sorry!"

For a few seconds there is an expression very like hope in his eyes, and he seems to hesitate; then it disappears, and he holds out his hand to her.

"I must go," he says; "I have a good deal to do before I start. Good-bye!"

"I will not say 'Good-bye' to you," Daffodil answers gently, as she lays her hand in his; "it is such a sad word, isn't it? Let us say, 'Auf Wiedersehen.'"

"'Auf Wiedersehen,'" he repeats, in a very low tone.

He holds her hand closely in his for a moment longer, then quietly releases it, and, without another word, leaves her.

In the evening Regie returns, and, while he is pulling off his dripping overcoat in the hall, Daffodil approaches him.

"I want to speak to you for a minute alone," she says in such a grave tone that he follows her in some alarm to an adjacent room.

"I hope there is nothing wrong?" he says, as he closes the door.

Daffodil stands before him with her hands tightly clasped, and he sees that she is paler than usual and that her eyes bear traces of recent tears.

"There is nothing wrong," she replies, looking at him steadily. "I only wanted to tell you that I cannot marry you"

* * * * * *

Roger St. George goes away with the fixed intention of subduing his love. He expects it to be a hard struggle, but he feels no doubt as to ultimate victory, and it is only after six long months that he acknowledges how futile the effort is—that instead of being victor, he is conquered; his love has grown instead of diminishing. But at least he has gained something by his self-imposed exile; he can think of Daffodil calmly as Regie's wife; he has taught himself to picture a meeting in which he is to act simply as a mere acquaintance; she is never to guess for an instant what lies beneath the surface; he is longer afraid to meet her; and so it comes to pass that he turns his face homewards once more.

He does not go to his own home immediately on reaching England, for he is to spend some time with his married sister.

"Mrs. Hallyard is out," he is informed when he arrives at his sister's house, "so is Mr. Hallyard; but they are expected home shortly."

So St. George betakes himself to the library to await their return.

He has barely taken up his position, with his back to the roaring fire, when the sound of the opening door makes him turn his head. The room is rather dark, but he can see clearly that the new-comer is not his sister. It is doubtless some visitor staying in the house, and, with a little introductory speech on his lips, he steps forward. But suddenly, before the words are uttered, he comes to a stand still, with every pulse in his body tingling and his heart beating loud and fast.

The new-comer is approaching him with two little hands held out to welcome him and a glad smile parting her lips.

For a moment he forgets all but the one fact that he loves her and that she is before him.

"Daffodil!" he says, in a half-whisper.

Then bitter remembrance returns to him. She is not "Daffodil" to him—she is Regie's wife; and at the very beginning, before she has even spoken to him or touched him, he has miserably failed in his determination, his boasted strength has fled.

With a terrible effort he controls himself.

"I had no idea I was to have the pleasure of meeting you here," he says, all the more coldly for the fierce restraint he is putting upon himself.

Daffodil's hands are no longer stretched out; they hang clenched by her sides, she has ceased to smile, and her lips are set close.

"I am sorry I am the only person at home to receive you," she says, after a slight pause, as she moves towards the fire, "but Mrs. Hallyard was obliged to tend some meeting in the village—she hoped to be back by five o'clock—so you will have to put up with my society till then." She sits down in a big arm-chair, and, laying her bright head back, looks up at him. "Now tell me all about your travels, Mr. St. George. Or stop! On second thoughts I would rather you did not, for, after all, I don't suppose they would interest me."

"Probably not." He can say no more, so utterly astonished is he at her changed tone and manner.

Daffodil does not seem to notice his silence; she rattles on lightly and carelessly, giving him all the local gossip, talking of the weather, of the hunting, of a hundred different things. She feels that if she does not talk, does not conceal how he has wounded her, she must disgrace herself for ever by breaking down miserably. At last she seems to have exhausted her stock of conversation.

She takes a little Dresden cup from the table at her elbow and examines it intently or at least appears to do so; but in reality the painted shepherds and shepherdesses that are pelting each other with flowers might be so many lions and tigers for all she sees of them.

St. George breaks the silence, which has become irksome to them both.

"Is—is your husband here too?" he says desperately, determined to face the worst.

Mrs. Hallyard's precious china cup was never nearer destruction than at this moment.

"My what?" asks Daffodil.

"Your husband—Regie,," St. George answers, with an involuntary clenching of the hand.

The girl looks at him in utter amazement for a moment; then her face lights up, two little dimples form in her cheeks, and she breaks into irrepressible laughter.

St. George watches her uneasily.

"What are you laughing at?" he asks at length. "I am not aware that I said anything amusing!"—stiffly.

She checks her mirth, rises from her chair, and goes nearer to him.

"I o you mean to say you never heard?" she says seriously.

"Never heard what?" demands St. George.

"Never heard that my engagement was broken off?"—a little falteringly.

There is a short silence.

"You are not marrried to Regie, then?"—with intense anxiety afid laying his hand upon her arm.

She shakes her head.

"Nor going to be?"

Again she gives a silent denial, for she cannot speak with heart beating violently. But she raises her face to his, and, uncertain though the expression is, he can see all he wants to know.

"Daffodil," he exclaims gently, holding out his arms to her—"my Daffodil!"

"And I thought you were not glad to see me," she says, after a while, with a slight catch in her breath—"you spoke so coldly."

"Because I dared not trust myself to speak otherwise. Remember, I have thought of you all those months as Regie's wife."

"I cannot think how it was that you never heard. Our engagement was broken off on the very day you left."

"You have not told me why. Did Regie do anything disgraceful?"

"No, no—of course not!"—laughing.

"What then? You fell in love with some one else?"

The color in Daffodil's fair cheeks deepens.

"I suppose I did," she whispers very softly.

ANOTHER NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.—Inventors seem never weary in their efforts to construct some form of submarine craft that will be at once manageable, safe, and capable of supplying the necessary air for those who are inside it. One of the latest is made after the popular cigar-shaped model. In addition to the sailing apparatus, it has an attachment which answers the purpose of wheels or rollers. An observation-tube, that may be fixed at any angle, is one of the features of this invention. It is large enough to hold a man, who is drawn up to the highest end of the tube by a pulley and tackle. Through the glass top he views the surroundings and directs the movements of the boat. This craft is not only suited to the uses of a torpedo-boat, but is useful for doing all sorts of under-water work, examining foundations, raising wrecks and discovering much in deep-water mysteries that has hitherto been imperfectly understood or practically unknown.

PUT TO MANY USES.—Sharks furnish quite a number of valuable products. The liver of the shark contains an oil of a beautiful color, that never becomes turbid, and that possesses medicinal qualities equal to those of cod-liver oil. The skin, after being dried, takes the polish and hardness of mother-of-pearl. The fins are always highly prized by the Chinese, who pickle them and serve them at dinner as a most delicate hors d'œuvre. The Europeans who do not yet appreciate the fins of the shark as a food product, are content to convert them into fish glue, which competes with the sturgeon glue prepared in Russia. As for the flesh of the shark, that, despite its oily taste, is eaten in certain countries. It is employed, also, along with the bones, in the preparation of a fertilizer. The Icelanders, who do a large business in sharks' oil, send out annually a fleet of a hundred vessels for the capture of the great fish.

TURIN has just opened a great public bath where for three cents a hot or cold bath may be had in a separate room, with service and linen. It may be used from 5 in the morning till 8 at night.

Scientific and Useful.

THE TELAUTOGRAPH.—Great things are expected of the telautograph. The recent trial over one of the lines between Paris and London was in every respect successful. A speed of twenty-two words a minute, averaging five letters to the word, was obtained. The reproduction was to all appearances, except shading, an exact facsimile of the sender's telautogram.

MIRROR GLASS.—A transparent mirror glass, recently introduced in Germany, reflects light on one side, from which it is practically opaque, while from the other side it is transparent. It is proposed to use this type of glass for glazing windows in city residences, for, while it will not cut off light or vision from the interior, it will prevent outsiders from seeing into a room.

THE FOOT.—A flat foot—that is, a foot almost without an instep—is not only a deformity, but it engenders an awkward walk. Sometimes also the foot leans more to the outer side or more to the inner side. Both these defects are generally caused by trying to make children walk too soon. Children should not be encouraged to walk until the bones of their little feet are strong enough to support the weight of their body; and this does not take place till the child is a year, or nearly a year, old.

TIME RECKONING.—An ingenious electrical instrument has been devised consisting of a chronometer, which is photographed by "the light of an incandescent lamp, lighted for about a quarter of a second by a current established automatically through the effect of the shock." So far the new seismograph has worked well in practice, and inasmuch as it is the outcome of a definite scientific principle, it is well calculated to be a sure time reckoner.

ELECTRIC LOCK.—An novel electric lock has been invented especially for use on windows, which by means of this device may be left open one or two inches for ventilation, and be quite as secure as when completely closed. The lock operates with ease by simply pressing a button, and can readily be connected with the fire or police alarm service, so that any unwarranted tampering with the window or mechanism will be immediately followed by a report at the fire or police station.

Farm and Garden.

RATS.—Rats may be got rid of by stuffing their runways with dry hay that has been well seasoned with cayenne pepper.

DAIRY.—All sorts of waste about the dairy can be made to play right into the pig's mouth. The piggery and the dairy go hand in hand, and the thrifty stockman will see that it is so. The worldly wise farmer must be able to see more than one thing at a time.

MANURE.—A cord of farmyard manure weighs upon the average about three tons. The plant-food supplied in one cord is, therefore, about as follows: Nitrogen, 27 pounds; phosphoric acid, 15 pounds; and potash, 24 pounds. A common two horse cartload weighs usually just about one ton.

PNEUMATIC TIRES.—The horse trots faster with a pneumatic tire, not only because he has less weight to draw, but because there is lost that vibration which is usually carried along the shafts to the horse's body. These vibrations weary his muscles and hamper his movements to a considerable extent.

FLEECE.—The heavy masses of the fleece upon sheep form excellent lodging places for all sorts of lice, ticks, vermin and parasitic creatures, and when the sheep are exposed to damp weather this dampness is retained for a long time, and these parasites will be sure to breed. Protect the sheep, keep them clean, and in winter see that their quarters are healthful, warm and well ventilated.

WASTE.—One who has waste pasture, swamp or bog land which will grow grasses or clover, a pond or running water where aquatic vegetation flourishes, might do well to try a flock of geese. A stream is not necessary, as they will do quite as well upon dry pasture if clean drinking water is furnished them, but in the former case they will procure much of their sustenance from the water.

If digestion is bad, appetite poor, strength wanting and spirits gloomy, try perseveringly, JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, an hour after meals; and at same time, keep your bowels gently open with the Sugar-Coated PAINLESS SANATIVE PILLS.

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Why We Laugh.

People laugh, says a French writer, under the most diverse circumstances. A pun, a snore heard in a solemn assembly, the artlessness of a child, a dog which enters church during the services, a repartee, a drunkard who reels, a parody, the robe of an actress which is torn by a nail in the floor, an old style costume, an orator's slip of the tongue, the caper of a clown—these are a few of the instances which occur to my memory. It is my wish in this study to show that they all resemble one another, and also to find in all the cases the common element which excites laughter.

It is hardly necessary to indicate the common opinion that laughter is caused by joy. But it is evident that joy does not always excite it—there are grave joys. It is also plain that people often laugh without being joyous. Without doubt, joy disposes to laughter, but it does not produce it.

One of the most common opinions is, that it is caused by the unusual, the odd, by that which is not in accord with our habits of mind, by something which breaks the familiar course of things. This is the theory adopted by Darwin. We shall admit at once that whatever is odd is often ludicrous. We will go further and say that, doubtless, there is not a word, an act, a situation, an attitude, which is truly laughable which is not unusual. But it is equally true that the unusual does not always cause laughter. There are events contrary to the normal order which are the very opposite of amusing.

Another theory very widespread is that of contrast. It is incontestable that many contrasts are mirth provoking, but as many others are not. Another very interesting theory is the one proposed by Bain. He calls the real cause of laughter degradation. When we see in a grand personage the infirmities of human nature; when under very imposing circumstances some commonplace event suddenly calls us back to earth; when the littlenesses of great things and of great men are suddenly revealed to us, the degradation stirs us to laughter. That this solution is in accord with many facts it is impossible to deny. However in this case also there frequently occurs the spectacle of a degradation entirely lacking in ludicrous features.

Let us now try to find the true cause, the condition which when produced always produces laughter, which when suppressed always suppresses laughter. Who has not been amused at an attempt to break in an unlocked door? A man gathers all his strength, contracts his muscles, draws up his face, and braces himself to force open the door. We know that the door is not fastened, and we laugh.

Circus clowns excite laughter by analogous means. For instance, they put forth an immense effort to lift from the ground an enormous cannon ball. But we know the ball is made of pasteboard and is as light as a feather.

What is it that really takes place within us under such circumstances? It is evident that the action appears to us at first odd. But at the same instant in which we see that the act is absurd a rapid reflection makes it also seem very natural. We think that our man believes the door is locked. We think that in the eyes of the clown the ball is a true ball. The effort which they make then is a natural one; we would have done the same. It is then that we laugh.

Of the circumstances favoring laughter the principal are, the physical well-being, childhood and youth, the consciousness of success or victory which one has just gained, or of a danger which one has just escaped. Physical well-being disposes to laughter because it renders the mind keener and more active. We see and comprehend more quickly both the unusual and the familiar.

Children and youth laugh more than older people because their fresher minds find more unusual things. Again, during youth, the mind, more supple, more rapid, perceives more rapidly the bizarre, and, under it, the familiar.

Women generally laugh more than men; it is because they have minds nearly as supple and as clear as those of young people. Victory disposes so strongly to laughter that some philosophers, Hobbes among them, have sought in it the very cause of the laughter. But it is not to be found there. That which is true is, that success stimulates the mind, gives it a sort of intoxication. Then, keenly excited, we see more keenly, and grasp situations more readily.

Thus the more an object appears at the same time strange and familiar the more we laugh. The less we are capable of perceiving these two sides, the less we laugh. What, then, is the psychological law of laughter? Our mind is a force which has a unique office, its task is to enter all new objects into known categories. When an object can find a place in no category, it entirely escapes our thought. Whenever an object finds a place at once in two categories which are exclusive the one to the other, it shocks our thought. When an object newly and regularly enters a category, we experience the calm enjoyment of thought, of knowledge; it is rational. When a new object presents itself, and according to one view is classed in the list of the absurd, and from another view finds its place in a category marked familiar, thought experiences a spasmodic shock— it is laughter.

GOOD nature is one of the most precious commodities of life, both to the possessor and to all that come in contact with him. There is so much care in life, so many that are victims of low spirits, so much of sorrow, so many that are languid through sickness, or grief, or watching, or want, that any one who can throw a ray of light upon their spirits is a benefactor indeed. Good nature is the most practical of all kinds of benevolence. It gives itself forth without measure. It shines like the sun, into all places, high and low alike. It chooses nothing, but blesses all without discrimination. It allays strife, pours oil upon friction, lightens the tasks of life, and diffuses a cheer and glow which wine cannot give, and all this, too, while the cause of all this blessing is himself blessed above all.

A GOOD wife, an author tells us, should be like three things, which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a snail—always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like a town clock—always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town clock, to speak so loud as all the town may hear her.

SINGING is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cobbler who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, or August of its meadow larks.

IF to be true in heart and just in act are the first qualities necessary for the elevation of humanity, if without them all else is worthless, intellectual culture cannot give what intellectual culture does not require or imply. You cultivate the plant which has already life; you will waste your labor in cultivating a stone. The moral life is the counterpart of the natural, alike mysterious in its origin, and alike visible only in its effects.

THE ability to procure luxuries often whets the appetite for them, until persons who are brought up in the most extreme simplicity and frugality become perfect Sybarites in their devotion to costly pleasures. Amongst all classes of society we see extravagance keeping pace with prosperity, and indeed outstripping it; realizing Archbishop Whately's paradox that "the larger the income the harder it is to live within it."

WHEN you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

IT is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

"I HOLD every man a debtor to his profession," remarks an old essayist; "from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto."

HUMAN affections are the leaves, the foliage of our being—they catch every breath, and in the burden and heat of the day they make music and motion in a sultry world. Stripped of that foliage, how unsightly is human nature!

EVERY man is happy, no matter what his circumstances, who is contented. Happiness does not depend so much on the art of getting much as the art of being contented with what we have.

MAKE work but a secondary thing, and you will make but secondary work. Have your mind in your work, and you will have your work to your mind.

WARMTH, rest, cleanliness, and pure air are more effectual as preventives, and often as curatives, of disease than all the medicines in the world.

THE thoughtless man bridleth not his tongue, he speaketh at random, and is entangled in the foolishness of his own words.

MANKIND are always happier for having been happy once; the memory of happiness is happiness.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

D.—There is no premium on a silver dollar of 1890 that we ever heard of.

E. A.—Oil varnishes are made by dissolving resins in oil, usually boiling linseed-oil. They dry slowly, but the coat produced is superior to other varnishes.

BERT.—In the year 2,000, according to the calculations of a philosophical statistician there will be 1,700,000 000 people who speak the English language, and only 500,000 000 European people will make use of the other known languages.

GERT.—Some flowers do sleep; all kinds do not. If you watch the daisies on a lawn you will see that they shut up and go to rest as surely as the sun goes down. There are many sorts of flowers that are much more heavily scented in the dusk of the evening than at any other time of the day.

NESTA.—The young man is evidently just simply playing about with you. Your best plan would be to break off the acquaintance altogether, or get some of your friends to speak to him. You should have a little more pride and self-respect than to allow yourself to be at the beck and call of a man like that.

A. S.—Gold leaf may be fixed on silver by a varnish or size, or the silver may be coated with an amalgam of gold in mercury, and then heated; or connected with the zinc or positive plate of a galvanic battery, and then hung in a bath of cyanide of gold, dissolved in potassium cyanide. Both the latter processes are poisonous and dangerous for unskilled persons to attempt.

ANNIE F.—It is unlikely that the trees would in any way affect your cough, the cause of which is probably constitutional. If change of air took the cough away once, why not try the remedy again? You are on the wrong tack when you blame trees. They are too far away to make the house feel damp and shaded. Coughs and hoarseness are sometimes very curiously local in their operations. We have known people who were always troubled in certain districts. The obvious remedy is to seek a suitable atmosphere.

R. M.—It is chiefly through the spread of exact knowledge that the evils you regret will be gradually removed, even as they are now being removed. At no period in the history of the race has there been so high a standard of morality reached as is reached to-day. We hear a great deal about any notable falling-off from social grace, and think how bad we are; but it must be remembered that comparatively we are immensely better than our fathers. The obscenity of the last century strikes us as obscenity. We think there is strong reason for believing that the race is in every way on the upward grade.

READER.—The "seven wonders of the world" were the pyramids of Egypt, the terraced gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of Zeus by Phidias at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexandria. You will find an account of each in any classical dictionary, such as Smith's or Lempriere's; and the stories told of some of them are interesting—as, for instance, the lighthouse of Pharos, which is said to have borne on a mortar ground the inscription, "King Ptolemy to the gods the saviours, for the benefit of sailors." When the mortar crumbled, Ptolemy's name disappeared, and underneath was found, inscribed on the rock, the name of the architect Sostratus.

TOM F.—To make an Æolian harp, of very thin cedar, pine or other soft wood, make a box five or six inches deep seven or eight inches wide, and of a length just equal to the width of the window in which it is to be placed. Across the top, near each end, glue a strip of wood half an inch high and a quarter of an inch thick, for bridges. Into the ends of the box insert wooden pins, like those of a violin, to wind the strings around, two pins in each end. Make a sound hole in the middle of the top and string the box with small cat-gut, or blue violin strings. Fastening one end of each string to the wooden pin in one end of the box, and carrying it over the bridges, wind it round the turning pin in the opposite end of the box. The ends of the box should be increased in thickness where the wooden pins enter, by a piece of wood glued on the inside. Tune the strings in unison and place the box in the window. It is better to have four strings, as described, but a harp with a single string will produce very pleasing melody.

N. C. T.—Printing ink is made in the following manner, the proportion of the ingredients varying, of course, with the amount of ink wanted:—Ten or twelve gallons of nut or linseed oil are set over the fire in a large iron pot, and brought to boil. It is then stirred with a ladle, and while boiling, the inflammable vapor arising from it either takes fire of itself or is kindled and is allowed to burn for half an hour, the pot being partially covered in order to regulate the flame. It is frequently stirred, that the whole may be equally heated and to prevent charring. The flame is then extinguished, and the oil is found to have lost much of its greasy quality, and when cold, is of the consistency of soft turpentine, being now known as varnish. After this, it is made into ink by mixture with the requisite quantity of lampblack, of which about 2½ ounces are sufficient for 16 ounces of the prepared oil. Several other additions are made to the oil while boiling, such as crusts of bread, turpentine, onions, and other articles known to the manufacturer. This is done to give the oil more body, enable it to adhere to the printing paper, and to spread uniformly on the type. To improve the color, powdered indigo or Prussian blue is often added.

SUMMER.

BY E. T. W.

Fair Nature's face again is clothed with green,
And woodbine blossoms spread their fragrance round;
Sweet clover and forget-me-nots are seen,
So beauteous and so fair, they deck the ground.

The earth is robed in splendor, and the air
Is scented with the smell of new-made hay;
While flowers of richest tints the hedge-rows bear,
All smiling in the blooming sunny day.

Then welcome art thou with thy radiant beams,
Ripening the golden fruit and waving grain;
And when rich Autumn comes with laden teams,
We'll bless thee that thou didst not come in vain.

With his Life.

BY P. G.

OUR Colonel was in a frantic rage. Our last joined subaltern, Maurice Mostyn, who was on leave, had written to say he would return married! If there was one thing more than another our Colonel hated it was a married subaltern; and so, after reading the letter, he did nothing but stamp about, muttering of courts-martial, cashiering, and all manner of nameless horrors, finally rushing off to be soothed into a proper state of mind by his wife. Mostyn had joined us about six months ago, but, beyond knowing him to be very rich and that his parents had lived principally in India, we were somewhat ignorant of his past history.

He was good-looking, tall, slim, and strong as a horse, but his dark curling hair, black eyes, and olive skin rather pointed to a touch of Indian blood in his veins; though when we found what a thoroughly good fellow he was, any prejudices we had were soon overcome—a first-rate bowler, keen as mustard about hunting and polo, and though with pots of money, so unostentatious, and always anxious to help a fellow if he could. Although only twenty-one, he had written to say he was on the point of being married in Paris to a miss Inez Towers, and would return with her, and would I, commonly known as "The Frost," on account of my usually cool demeanor, his particular pal, look out for a good furnished house with a large garden on the outskirts of Belton, where we were quartered?

The news of his marriage surprised us young fellows, the more so as he had never mentioned any engagement of any kind. In fact we fancied he admired a Miss Eva Roy, the daughter of a retired Colonel living in the neighborhood, a very pretty, jolly girl, who evidently liked Mostyn, and was constantly riding about with him at our polo matches, etc. But there it was—nothing was to be done but wait for the advent of Mrs. Maurice Mostyn, and for me to look out for the house for them, which I did, and found a pretty old-fashioned one with an old walled garden, not too far from barracks. I called in the assistance of our messman to engage three or four women servants and a footman—these with Mostyn's soldier-servant, to comprise their household.

On Mostyn's return, when he came up to the barracks to report himself, we all clamored round him, and, welcoming him heartily, abused him for not letting us sooner into the secret of his marriage.

"My dear fellows," he said, somewhat wearily, we thought, "I wrote the moment it was settled, and when I left on leave I had no more idea of being married than any of you."

"Well we all want to come and pay our respects to Mrs. Mostyn," said Winter, our society man, known as "Fussie."

"Oh, do," was the answer, "as soon as you can. She will be awfully glad to see you all. I'll bring her to polo on Friday, if we can have a 'knock up.' By the bye, how is Miss Roy? Has she been seen about lately?"

We rather stared at this. A man just off his honeymoon should not enquire, almost the first thing, after a lady who, in our humble estimation, he had treated a little badly, paying her so much attention and then flying off and marrying, in such haste, someone else.

"Oh, she's very fit," said Fussie in reply to the question, "and pretty as ever. But how do you like your house?"

"Oh, capital, many thanks to you, 'Frost,' for seeing about it, and the servants seem all right, but of course Inez has not been used to English servants, so they may find her a bit strange."

He vouchsafed no explanation as to what nationality she was used to, and after a few remarks about ponies, drill, duty, polo, etc., he departed.

We sat in silence for a minute, and then Vernon, the "Oracle," as we called him, as he would, dear boy, always give his opinion on everything, whether he knew anything about it or not, exclaimed, "That poor dear Mostyn has been taken in and married by force to some old treat. I lay you ten to one she's ten years older than he is, as ugly as sin, and I believe he really liked Miss Roy."

"I don't know about that," I cautiously remarked, "he's not a weak-minded chap at all, and, for all we know, this may have been an old attachment, though not an engagement."

"So think I," said Villars, who was also a pal of Mostyn's, "and we'll wait and see; 'Mrs. Chief' is going to call on her to-morrow, and is coming on to the cricket match to tell us all about her, and then we'll know."

This was conclusive. "Mrs. Chief" was our Colonel's wife, the dearest little Irishwoman in the world, whose advice we all took, from the Colonel downwards. Mrs. Pourtland, the Major's wife, tried to say once that she had not enough dignity for her position, but we thought otherwise, and knew no truer, better little woman existed, and we were all prepared to accept her verdict of anything and everyone. So our excitement was intense the next day when, with most of the ladies of the regiment, we awaited her arrival at the cricket tea tent. She appeared late but beaming.

"I've seen her, and she's just a darlin', awfully like him in a way."

"What, another nigger," sneered Mrs. Pourtland, "we shall be a nice black regiment soon!"

"Not a bit of a 'nigger,'" replied "Mrs. Chief," "that I'll answer for. I think she has foreign blood in her, but whatever it is, it is good, for she is the most thoroughbred little woman I've seen for many a day; not that she is little, for she's as tall nearly as Mr. Mostyn himself, and what's more, Mrs. Pourtland, she'll be known as our 'Regimental beauty,' if I'm not mistaken."

This was one for Mrs. Pourtland, for she, in spite of her thirty odd years, rather posed as our beauty herself.

"It's all a matter of taste, I suppose," she rather sulkily remarked.

"That's just where it is," put in Mrs. Chief, quick as a knife. "Another thing I noticed, she is frantically in love with her husband, she hardly ever takes her eyes off him. Of course that's not extraordinary so soon after marriage, but she not in the least mind showing it, which some brides of the present day do."

"We seem to have got a regular paragon," remarked Mrs. Milne, a pretty little woman, one of our Captain's wives, who was, to put it mildly, just a wee bit flighty.

"Not before we wanted one," answered Villars, drily, who felt a little sore at Mrs. Milne having thrown him over for a later admirer.

"You had better lay yourself at its feet then," the lady laughed.

"Niver a chance he'll have," cried Mrs. Chief; "if the Mostyns are not going to be the most devoted couple we've had for a long time, I'll eat my hat."

We all hoped devoutly that they would prove to be, for our Colonel's little wife's hats were always of the hard felt and quill description that would try the digestion of an ostrich.

"I wonder if Miss Roy will like her," ventured the Oracle; but we felt it was not fair to discuss that subject before such a large audience, and suggested a move to tea, which was generally accepted. During tea Mrs. Chief found an opportunity to draw me on one side and whisper "Dennis" (she and I were great chums, as her mother and mine had been at school together), "I tell you she's a dear girl, and they are devoted, but Mostyn is changed, and I am sure not happy. Don't let the boys chaff him about Miss Roy or anything. I mean to be a friend to the poor little bride, and you must be one to him, for I like the boy."

Of course that was law to me, and I promised to do my best.

The next afternoon we got up a scratch polo match for four o'clock, and you may be sure most of the King's Rangers were there. At a quarter to four up came Maurice Mostyn with his wife, who was on one of his polo ponies. He came to the tent and began introducing us all to her. Mrs. Chief had not deceived us: the bride was lovely. A tall, slender girl of about nineteen, with the most glorious pair of brown eyes that ever looked out of a woman's head; her black hair was in thick curls over her head; she was riding with that easy perfect sort of seat one can only grow into, never learn after childhood. None of us could take our eyes off her; even Mrs. Pourtland stared dumbfounded. But we all came up and tried to set the little bride at her ease. She seemed, somehow, to say the right thing to everybody, although evidently a little shy.

Mostyn took me up to her and said, "This is Glyn, otherwise 'The Frost,' a great pal of mine."

She glanced up at me with a keen little look, "I am sure we shall be great friends."

She then questioned us eagerly about polo. "I play a little, you know, Maurice and I used to play together when we were little things, on Arabs"—a remark we noticed, as proving my surmise as to their being old acquaintances was correct.

"Do you hunt, Mrs. Mostyn?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, and love it dearly"—a remark that made for her a devoted slave of Sullivan of ours, a big, handsome Irishman, so keen about horses that he used to say he would not care to go to heaven itself unless he could ride there.

Then polo began, and Mrs. Chief got hold of Mrs. Maurice, and introduced her right and left, and fussed over and made much of her. But two things we noticed:—the first, that she never took her eyes away from Mostyn longer than was necessary—a strange, anxious, and yet devoted look, and which he seldom or never returned; and, secondly, in the intervals of the game rode over to Miss Roy, who received him, we saw, a little coldly, but which did not seem to abash him, for he leant over to talk to her in his same old devoted manner. Mrs. Mostyn noticed it, and turning to Mrs. Chief, asked in a bright eager way who the pretty fair girl was.

"I should so like to know her," she said earnestly.

"Certainly," was the answer, "she will be over to tea in a minute."

I am standing by and heard the remarks and caught Mrs. Chief's little puzzled glance. I knew she was wondering if there really was anything between Maurice and Miss Roy. And yet why should he have married this girl Inez, who evidently was devoted to him, if he did not care for her? *I was certain his wife was* not a girl who would have married any man who did not love her, and her interest in Miss Roy seemed more of curiosity than pique or jealousy. Well, the two girls met in the tent and were duly introduced, and, to our surprise, Mrs. Mostyn, putting her hand out, said with a sweet bright smile, "Maurice has told me so much about you, I am so glad to see you." Miss Roy blushed just a little bit, and also smiled, but with evidently a little effort. She murmured something about "delighted" and "happy," but Mrs. Maurice said warmly, "Oh, we must be friends; you must come and see me often, when Maurice is at home."

Mrs. Milne whispered to me, "It's my belief Mostyn is a Turk, and can have as many wives as he likes, and Mrs Mostyn thinks it quite natural that Eva Roy should be number two."

I smiled at this and said, "Mind the third one is not yourself," and, looking round, saw Mrs. Maurice going towards the door of the tent and, beckoning to her husband, said, "Come in here, Maurice, I can't see you out there."

He came in at once, and, saying to her with a smile, "It's all right," began talking to Miss Roy, and a pretty pair I must say they made—he with his tall slim figure in his karki polo riding breeches and brown coat, with a red polo cap; and she with her black habit, and a straw hat with blue ribbon round it on her fair hair; and if ever I saw love shining in a man's eyes, it was in his dark ones as he looked into hers. I felt bewildered. I hated to think that I had been so thoroughly mistaken in the man, and that he meant to be utterly base and false to his young bride.

While I was thinking, the Colonel, who had been in town for two days, arrived, and going up to Mostyn, said cheerily, "Well, Mostyn, we all think you have married too young, but introduce me to your wife and I will tell you if you are to be forgiven or not."

Mostyn flushed deeply, and with a slight hesitation said, "Of course, sir, but I don't think you will blame me," and took him to his wife. The Colonel greeted her with his own bluff, hearty courtesy, and she gave the sweetest little bow, saying, "I hope, sir, you will forgive Maurice," and then it was over, and she never had a better friend than our old Colonel. Then polo and tea being over, Mrs. Chief and the other ladies started in their various vehicles, and Mrs. Mostyn and Miss Roy mounted their ponies, and the latter and Mostyn started on in front.

Sullivan evidently was bent on escorting the bride home, but she turned to me and said, "Please, Mr. Glyn, come with us too"; so I rode on her other side. As I did so, I could not help noticing the supple sway of her figure in the saddle, and the firm grip of her long slight fingers on the reins; and also that if the couple in front got out of sight for one minute she said, "Let's get on quicker." Sullivan seemed nettled by this and proceeded to question her in what he thought a most casual way, but which was a little overdone.

"I suppose," he began, "when people are first married they are dreadfully jealous?"

"I don't think when people are really fond of each other, they are ever foolishly jealous without great cause," she replied simply.

Sullivan stubbornly continued, "I suppose you would never be jealous of Miss Roy?"

"I, jealous of Miss Roy!" she exclaimed, "but why?"

"Oh," answered Sullivan diffidently, "if you thought he liked her better than you?"

"Better than me?" the girl replied glancing for one moment up to the sky above. "I tell you my love for Maurice, and his for me, is so deep, so strong that no one can add to, or detract from it; it began long ago, and is endless and deathless in this world and in the one to come. You have never dreamed of such love, you have never known of such love, and you never will."

I glanced at her as she spoke, and saw her whole life and soul seemed to be in her words. Sullivan seemed abashed and spurred his pony quite unnecessarily.

"I am sorry," he said, "Mrs. Mostyn, I was only chaffing."

I thought he deserved one, and added, "And you know he can no more help asking questions than he can hallooing when he sees a fox, and of course one should do neither at times."

She laughed and said, "I must learn all about fox-hunting; you must teach me, Mr. Sullivan. I've hunted most things, but never a fox."

"Come out cubbing, to-morrow," he eagerly answered, "they meet at seven at Loudwater."

"Remember, dear boy, we have a field day to-morrow," I sagely remarked.

Sullivan growled, "Of course, I know my luck. You can't think, Mrs. Mostyn," he continued confidentially, "how I hate soldiering. When you want to do anything some frantic duty turns up."

"I think I should like the duties," replied Mrs. Mostyn. "Maurice is so keen about his, and I should be if I were a soldier."

"By Jove, what a jolly little soldier you'd make," said Sullivan admiringly.

Mrs. Mostyn colored furiously.

But just then we turned a bend in the road and saw our two companions in front, who had trotted on a little, had stopped, and were talking to a wretched-looking tramp in the road. Mrs. Mostyn gave a faint, muffled little cry, and hit her pony sharply on the neck, which made him plunge forward, and in a moment had dashed between Mostyn and the man, and from her habit pocket had pulled out a revolver.

"Maurice, what is it? Who is he?" she cried in a voice that rang up the road. Her eyes were flashing as she pointed the weapon at the man, who fell on his knees and howled!

Mostyn cried, "It's all right, Inez, it's an Englishman."

Miss Roy looked white and terrified, and turned to Mrs. Mostyn, saying angrily, "How can you frighten a poor man like that? He is a harmless tramp, who goes about the country here."

"I am so sorry," said Mrs Mostyn meekly, "but how was I to know."

"But surely," I began, "you must not think in England you can go frightening innocent people with a revolver. Please let me take it from you, it hardly belongs to a lady's riding kit."

"Oh, let her keep it," said Mostyn. "You won't do it again, will you, Inez? You terrify Miss Roy."

"I am very sorry for that," said Mrs. Maurice penitently, "please all forgive me."

Peace seemed restored, and the man consoled for his fright with five shillings; we all rode on together, until our roads separated, and we took Miss Roy home, while the bridal couple went on together.

"Whatever made her do that," asked

Miss Roy, "tossing up and nearly shooting poor old Thomas?"

Sullivan said, "How plucky? I suppose they do that abroad where she comes from."

"I'm glad I don't live there," said Miss Roy shortly.

"It's probably how she's been brought up," I explained, "but I don't think we had better talk of it to everyone, do you? Mostyn will tell her of it's not being done here."

"All right," both my companions answered; and we, having left Miss Roy at her door, rode into barracks.

When I was in my room I thought over the whole affair, and though I had explained it apparently to my two friends, I could not satisfactorily to myself. Why should she rush so madly to his rescue, and be so much on the qui vive? Loving him so passionately, as she evidently did, why should she care so little for—to encourage him talking to Miss Roy?

I liked Mostyn very much, and wanted to do the right thing, and it all seemed to me such a mystery. I smiled to myself when I thought how alarmed the quiet inhabitants of Belton would be to see this handsome young woman dashing about armed with a revolver. Anyhow I felt puzzled and perplexed, and it was not until I had had a bath, a brandy and soda, and read a long letter from my dear little lady-love up in Scotland to whom I was engaged, that I felt at all myself.

I remembered Mostyn was orderly officer for the next day, and wondered what his fiery young wife would do in his absence, and thought I would go and see. It occurred to me how she had questioned me in that quick, eager little way of hers, what the barracks were like. Was there a high wall? Had you to give a password? She seemed relieved when I told her a sentry was at the gates, and would question tramps and suspicious looking people on their business (we were rather strict just then, as there was a slight dynamite scare about).

I could not get away to make my call the next day, but the following one I went about five and found Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn with loads of people—Miss Roy, Mrs. Chief, lots of our fellows and their wives, and a certain Lady Gray, who lived near, and was going to have a masked ball in a few days, preceded by tableaux vivants. Hearing of Mrs. Mostyn's picturesque appearance, she had come to ask her to take a part. Mrs. Chief persuaded her to say "Yes," and, as she seemed to have the same influence over her as over us, got her to do so.

Lady Gray suggested "Rebekah at the Well," Mostyn to be the fellow she gave a drink to. The Oracle thought I would do for the "Well," but no one listened to him, my appearance not being my strong point. Miss Roy said she was sure Mrs. Mostyn had lovely jewels, and it would be better to have something they could be shown in. "Do manage that, Mr. Mostyn," she said with a sweet look, and I knew at once he would be on her side. And so it turned out, and "Romeo and Juliet" was settled on. Someone said they did not wear much jewelry, but Mrs. Chief said "they would have done if they had had it." Miss Roy was to be Ophelia, who got into a river or something (she chose it so she could let her back hair down).

The Oracle's one idea was the "Princes in the Tower," as he, so he said, looked so well in black velvet. Lady Gray said he was too big, so he suggested being both the Princes!

Mrs. Mostyn brought in a lot of wonderful embroidered stuffs, sashes, jeweled scimitars, and they settled to have some "Arabian Night" scenes, and there was such arguing and squabbling. Sullivan said he would only appear in evening dress or hunting kit, and it seemed both would be out of place in an Arabian scene; and then he said his aunt was dangerously ill, so they had better not count on him. And Fussie refused to be a Sultan, sitting cross legged, as he said he did not look well sitting down, and would only be taken for an idol or something stupid. He wanted to be with Mrs. Milne as "Cupid and Psyche," but was immediately suppressed.

At last things were nearly settled, and everyone left except Miss Roy and me. Mrs. Mostyn asked me if I would like to see her own little snuggery, and we went, leaving the other two alone. Mrs. Mostyn looked very well that afternoon in some Indian kind of stuff, but she sat and seemed to have very little to say to me, just asking questions about the regiment, how Maurice soldiered, etc. I thought she had asked me in to say something important, but when I had been there an hour I saw there was nothing coming.

Just then Mostyn called out, "Here, Inez and Glyn, Miss Roy is going."

Mrs. Mostyn went towards them and, laying her hand on Mostyn's shoulder, looked straight into his eyes and said, "Have you told her?"

He smiled back at her, his bright cheery smile that had won our hearts. "Yes," he replied, "she knows."

Miss Roy came forward and shook her warmly by the hand. To me it was all unintelligible. She had evidently kept me in her room so that her husband might talk to Miss Roy, and was it possible that the latter, whom we all liked and thought as good as gold, would condescend to coquette with another woman's husband? As we stood in the hall a loud knock came at the door. Mrs. Mostyn looked at once with that strange watchful anxiety, and (could I believe my senses!) a sort of faint shadow of it came into Miss Roy's face. In a moment a servant came and opened the door, when a telegraph boy alone was visible, with a wire for one of the domestics. A sort of relief seemed to come over the party, even on me, although I did not know what I feared, and was not as a rule jumpy.

Miss Roy then left, and I asked Mostyn to come round and have a look at my ponies; but his wife at once objected, and he gave way. So I went and hunted up some of our boys in the billiard room, and played a hundred up before dinner with Villars, and declined to have anything to do with a "certainty" for the Czare witch that the Oracle told us of. We sometimes had a trifle on his tips just for the fun of hearing his reasons for them not winning (which they never did). They generally "had their heads pulled off," though we never heard of any complaints being made to the stewards.

The next few days we were busy in barracks. A general came and lunched and inspected us, and we were raced about so, I saw nothing of the Mostyns, excepting him in the barracks, and her in the distance, occasionally, driving to bring or fetch him. No hour was too early in the morning or too late at night for her to come in her cart for him.

I heard from the others how the tableaux were getting on. Mrs. Pourtland was happy as "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" and Fussie was offered the part of "One little pig went to market," and was not on speaking terms with a yone; but they thought everything would settle down all right.

And so the eventful night arrived. We all went early, not that I had anything particular to do, except turn on and off the electric light (not on myself, it was particularly impressed on me). Mrs. Mostyn was capricious, as I suppose a "leading lady" should be; wanted a dressing room to herself; must have her tableau early; if Mr. Sullivan must bring her flowers (of course he had), he must keep them to the end; and so forth. Miss Roy arrived dressed in her Ophelia costume, looking very nice, as I told Sullivan.

"Too insipid," he said, "I like black eyes, they are so brilliant and impulsive."

"Yes," I murmured, "but anyone may get them if they are too impulsive."

At that moment Mrs. Mostyn came in as "Juliet," tall and straight as a lily, with her short dark curls clustering round her head; her white robes fastened with such jewels, that even my uneducated eye knew to be priceless; and on the left side of her white bodice was fastened a great big ruby, large as a five-shilling piece, that glittered and gleamed in the light like an autumn sunset.

"Oh," she said, "I see you are looking at the ruby; I did not want to wear it, but Miss Roy wished so much to see it, so Maurice told me to put it on."

Sullivan said something below the breath.

"Come," she continued, "I must have my own tableau second, as I want these jewels off, and I have really no right to wear this," pointing to the ruby, "it is Maurice's."

"Well, I'll hurry them up," said Sullivan.

By now the guests were pouring in, masked and dominoed. The band commenced, and I, in my position of electric lighter, was called to the charge. The curtain went up for Number One, which was "Ophelia"—Miss Roy on a deal table, which was covered with a white satin elderdown, with bits of fern over it; and, with the green and white, her yellow hair and pink cheeks, she looked like a big salmon mayonnaise. The band played soft music, and the audience was delighted, and when the curtain went down they encored it, so up it went again. We didn't expect that, and the Oracle was helping Ophelia to get the fern stuff out of her hair. Villars was dancing a pas de quatre in the middle of the stage, and I was turning the green light bang on to the audience. I don't think they liked the tableau so much the second time, so the curtain went down, and the band played.

Then we prepared for "Romeo and Juliet." When the curtain went up there was a hush. Never had anyone seen such a "Romeo," in his dress and flashing diamonds, or such a "Juliet." Suddenly a look came on her face as a masked figure was seen rising from the audience, and then came a rush, a horrible scream, a hurrying of feet, and darkness! I heard Sullivan's voice crying out, "Where are you, Glyn? Where's Mrs. Mostyn?" I went blindly forward to find him.

The servants brought lights, and heavens! what we saw!—Mostyn on the ground, moaning, his wife in her white robes, the red ruby gone, and in its place a crimson torrent of blood; Miss Roy was holding Mostyn's head, regardless of the dark stains on her fair Ophelia's dress; Sullivan and others were by Mrs. Mostyn, while dear Mrs. Chief was trying vainly to staunch the life blood with her face handkerchief.

"Take her quickly to the little study," cried Lady Gray, nearly sobbing; while her husband sternly cried to all to unmask, which was done, but every face proved to be that of a friend.

But while he was speaking a footman rushed in exclaiming, "A man had dashed through the hall, Sir Albert, and although the men tried to follow him, has escaped!

Then followed a hubbub and confusion, and seeing we were of no assistance, we went out into the hall and stood outside the door where they had taken poor Mrs. Mostyn. A doctor who happened to be amongst the guests, and Mrs. Chief, were with her, and in a few moments our Colonel's wife came to the door, her face white as snow.

"Is she dead?" we gasped.

"No, but dying, and wants to see the Colonel. You, Mr. Sullivan, go and find him; and you, Dennis, go in there," pointing to the door.

I stared back—"Me?"

"Yes, you go to see him. O, how can I believe it or understand it, Dennis? It is a dying boy there; whom we have believed to be Mostyn's wife, but in reality is his young brother!"

I thought the horrors of the evening had turned the poor little woman's head, but that moment Sullivan returned with the Colonel, and we entered the room. There lay poor "Mrs. Mostyon," with the doctor moistening the white lips with brandy from time to time.

When we entered she turned towards the Colonel and gasped with difficulty, "Sir—I must apologize—explain—forgive Maurice—I hear he will live—I am his brother. My grandfather married an Indian Ranee against her people's wishes—she brought him the 'Srinath,' a sacred ruby belonging to her race—and made her husband vow always to wear it on him—and bound my father, her son, to do the same—and when dying gave it to Maurice with the same injunction, and he promised solemnly never to part with it. It was prophesied by a Brahmin it would bring disaster to the third generation—which could only be averted by the younger son; and must be recovered during this month, or would remain in our posses ion for ever. —I promised my father on her death-bed to guard Maurice—to my uttermost—and when we heard from an old servant in India that two Brahmins were in search of Maurice and the ruby—the one I wore tonight—I determinded never to leave him until this month was over;—and it seemed safest and easiest to represent his wife—to put them off the scent.—You know the result—But, sir,—forgive the part Maurice has played.—He was against it.—It was my fault.—He is so fond of his regiment—so grateful to you and the others for the kindness you have shown him."

The Colonel answered in a low voice. "My boy, I promise to forgive and be a friend to him."

"Please tell him, sir, that I was glad to keep our mother's last request an I guard him, as I have—have I not, sir?

"You have indeed, my boy," said the Colonel, "and 'with your life'!"

The dying gaze turned to Sullivan—"You will never teach me fox-hunting," he said, with the faintest smile; and then the deep dark eyes, over which such a shadow was falling, turned to Mrs. Chief, who was kneeling by the couch, "Thanks so much for your kindness; please wear this for my sake," moving his feeble hand, on which was a ring with a huge diamond; "it has no ill luck or history."

She took it off and put it on her finger, and bent over the boy and kissed him on his forehead.

His faced flushed a little. "Thank you," he murmured; and the tired eyes closed. Then there was silence—and the end.

As we quietly and sadly left the room, Sullivan said in a low but rather an argumentative voice, "I don't care if she was a boy or a girl, I liked him."

There is not much more to be said. Mostyn recovered from his nasty stab in the shoulder. The blow his brother got was intended for him, but the murderer was deceived by the ruby. The Colonel managed to hush up and arrange everything. The Indians got clean away. One, it seemed, got in disguised as a guest, and the other cut the electric wires outside, and they both escaped in the darkness with the ruby, which Mostyn is not likely to attempt to regain; and he considers the death of his brother absolved him from the vow made to his father.

He stayed a year in the regiment, and then Eva Roy's father, who, like most Anglo-Indian soldiers, had rather a dislike to Indian blood, which is as different to dark blood as gold is to gilt, was persuaded to accept him as a son-in-law. It seemed Mostyn confided the whole story to her the day we had tea there.

Regretted by all, Mostyn left the service, and took a lovely old place in Leicestershire, where some of us often stay for some hunting. He mounts us all well, and we have a rattling good time with him and his pretty wife. But we often think, when there, of the handsome young brother, who had kept his promise "with his life!"

A Midnight Marauder.

BY CECIL LEIGH.

WE were a party of unprotected females at the time, my husband having gone for a week's shooting in Essex, and our modest household was composed solely of women servants.

My sister Ethel and a friend, May Gilbert by name, had come to stay with me during my husband's absence, and work delightful to every female heart, do some shopping. Like so many houses in London ours was built on the simple plan of having two rooms exactly the same size and shape on each floor. May occupied the one next to mine, while Ethel was on the story above, next door to the nursery, whose usual occupants, nurse and little Nora, were, the former away for a two days' holiday, the latter "talking care of mother" as she loved to say.

On that particular evening the two girls and I had stayed up chatting so late, that I heard midnight chime soon after we had parted. All was very still, both inside and outside the house, for "our gardens" were situated in a quiet neighborhood, when suddenly I was startled by the sound as of some one having jumped or fallen in one of the rooms upstairs.

For the first moment I thought that it might be Ethel, the next came the horrible thought that perhaps some burglar was in the house, might indeed have been secreted in one of the rooms upstairs since dark, for there had been a great many daring robberies of late in our part of the town, as there so often are in the dark and dreary month of November.

At this fearful idea my glance turned instinctively to the ottoman at the window, for that innocent-looking piece of furniture was in reality the silver chest, after which in all probability the burglar had come, and I resolved with quaking heart to make, if possible, an attempt at least to save the Queen Anne service, that was at once the pride and delight of my housewifely heart. But this was not our greatest treasure; that was our little seven year old Nora, who now lay with blue eyes closed in the sound sleep of happy childhood, and as my gaze rested on her sweet rosy face, in its frame of golden curls, that nestled so peacefully upon the pillow, my courage returned, and I determined that whatever happened no harm or ill should come near our treasure that my poor arm could avert.

After listening intently for a minute or two, I heard footsteps softly creeping down the stairs, and sprang towards the door, with the intention of locking it; but ere my hand touched the key the door was opened and Ethel appeared with white scared face.

"Oh, how you frightened me, coming down in that quiet way. I thought it was a burglar at the very least."

"Hush, Alice; he'll hear you," she whispered in a trembling voice.

"He? Who?"

"Some one is in the house. I distinctly heard the window being pushed open and then——"

"A jump it sounded like—but burglars don't do that," I interrupted, with an attempt to look and speak as if I were not the least alarmed of such people; was in fact quite up to all their little ways and habits, for having a companion in trouble is a wonderful help to courage, so at least I have ever found.

"He didn't jump, he fell, and I have heard him since, moving about softly. I'm sure it is a burglar."

As she was speaking May had opened the door and come out, and at this last word gave a gasp, a half-stifled cry, and sank senseless upon the floor in a dead faint. I had heard that May was addicted, like Mrs. Cruncher, of Dickens renown, to flop upon every available occasion; but had hitherto looked upon the report as being libellous and unworthy of belief; but now I was converted, for before my "very own eyes," as the children say, she lay white and motionless at the mention of the word burglar.

Ethel and I gazed at one another in dismay, then in the stillness that followed, ere we could make up our minds what to do or say, my sister whispered, raising her hand to command attention, "Listen."

I did, and heard soft creeping footsteps, not in the nursery, but in the room at the top of the house, generally occupied by the two servants, but which had recently been repapered and whitewashed, and was still in cook's opinion too damp to be used.

"Do you hear?" whispered Ethel.

"Yes, distinctly."

"What are we to do? We can't leave May here," looking down at the helpless form of our friend.

"We must carry her into my bedroom."

"And then," added Ethel, "we can lock the door and leave the wretch to do his worst."

"He will ransack the house," I exclaimed hysterically, "and take everything we possess; but I suppose that can't be helped."

Then we lifted May from the floor, but did not, I am afraid, "take her up tenderly," nor "lift her with her," for in fact it was all we could do to carry her at all, for our friend was a well grown, finely developed young woman, with a figure that inclined to plumpness; but fortunately we were young and strong, so managed between us to place her on the sofa; then, after carefully locking the door, we set to work to restore her to consciousness, by the help of eau de Cologne and strong smelling salts.

"Is she dead?" came, in the midst of our efforts, in an awe struck voice from Nora, who had been awakened by our voices and movements, quiet as we had tried to make them, and was now sitting up in bed and gazing with eyes of horror at May's white, still face.

"No, darling; she has only fainted."

"She's opening her eyes. Oh auntie, oh mother, she does it just like my big wax doll."

At this remark Ethel set down and laughed convulsively, while May looking round asked:

"Has he gone, the man, the burglar?"

Before I could answer Nora's arms were round my neck and she was imploring me to promise that neither men nor burglars should enter the house.

A promise which I, of course, readily gave. And then followed quite an affecting and affectionate scene, after which we all four sat and waited, with the calm of despair, for the burglar to begin his work of choosing and removing from the house whatever he fancied; but not for long. With an exclamation of disgust at my own stupidity I sprang up and rang the bell violently.

"That will waken the servants and frighten that wretch upstairs."

"Oh," said Nora, in admiring tones, "you are clever and brave, mother?"

Praise which was accepted in modest silence; then I opened the door and listened to hear if the plan had succeeded; the others joined me, and after a moment's pause Ethel whispered, "He's quiet at any rate; I expect he has taken fright and made good his escape."

This also was the opinion of cook, when shortly after she and Ellen appeared upon the scene.

"We'd best make sure, however," said cook, who, though diminutive in body, proved herself great in mind and courage. "So we'll just go up and have a look into that room."

Arming herself with the poker, she handed me the candle with, "Now, ma'am, if you're ready I am."

For very shame I had to take it and announce myself ready, though Nora implored, "Don't go," and May demanded to know "if I was quite mad." What! be outdone in courage by my own cook, and she such a little one. Never. "Lead the way," I cried, and off we started, followed by Ethel so encouraging in the force of good example. In silence we ascended the stairs, and when we mounted the last flight it was evident that Ethel was right about the window being opened, for we were met with a current of chill air that made us both shiver.

All was perfectly still as cook laid her hand upon the handle of the attic door, but ere turning it she whispered:

"Hold up the light high, ma'am, so that I can see better to hit at him."

As I obeyed she flung open the door, and we were in darkness, a sudden gust of wind having put out the candle; the next moment "a something" rushed past us and down the stairs, followed by a loud shriek of pain from Ethel.

Cook had made a brave but wild hit with the poker, but owing to the darkness had failed in knocking down the burglar, and had instead given my sister a hard blow on the shoulder.

"You see I was right; there was some one there," said Ethel, as we made our way down stairs in the dark eager to hear what May and Ellen had to say as to the appearance of the burglar—for they must have seen him as he passed; but this is exactly what they had not done, for on being left alone, they had put out all the lights and "partially closed the door." Nora affirmed afterwards that "only a chink, had been left open," of course, the child, being so young, was mistaken, for both May and Ellen asserted that they had seen the burglar as he rushed past, and that he was "big and black."

"Well, whoever it is, he ain't very big," spoke out cook in positive tones, "for I'm not what you might call tall, and that there fellow wasn't bigger than me."

"Nonsense, Lizzie," retorted Ellen. "How could you see? It must have been quite dark, or you'd never have gone and hit Miss Ethel like that."

"Well, we'll see now, for if the missus will come we'll go and turn him out, for there will be no sleep for none of us if he's let stop in here."

This was so true that we agreed to go down in a body and turn what Ellen called "the nasty fellow" out, and the knowledge that the burglar was small and evidently anxious to escape helped to restore our courage to such a degree that actually none of the party were anxious to be the last in the procession, and of course modesty forbade them to take the lead, which by general consent was accorded to cook, while I, as mistress of the house, naturally was expected to bring up the rear.

We began our search in the drawing-room, and as room after room was found empty of burglars we grew quite fearless—almost. When we entered the servants' bedroom, Ellen suggested to the cook to look under the bed. "That's a place, so I've heard, where they always has a fancy for hiding in."

Cook lowered the light, and we all bent down to see, glaring at us, a pair of angry eyes.

At this sight Ellen and Nora screamed in chorus, while May showed symptoms of flopping, which Ethel speedily checked by the remark:

"Don't faint, May, for we shall be obliged to leave you here if you do," for she as well as cook and I had seen that this midnight marauder, who had disturbed the rest of the whole household, was none other than a "big black cat," who had pushed open the attic window, when taking his nightly promenade upon the roof, and which Ellen afterwards remembered to have left unfastened, and in this way had effected an entrance into the house.

Later, a meeting of four was held in my room, where by a majority of three it was agreed that the events of that night were to be buried in oblivion, for, as Nora innocently remarked: "Father would laugh so when he heard."

Unfortunately, however, the "cat was let out of the bag," a few evenings later when a friend of my husband was dining with us, by Nora saying in reference to something or other:

"That is like when May fainted the night when——" here the little speaker was checked by a look and a frown from Ethel.

"Oh, auntie, I am so sorry," exclaimed the small culprit in a penitent voice. "I forgot that it was a secret."

Although the male sex are, of course, far above all curiosity, that being an essentially feminine weakness, they do not approve of the "wife of their bosom" having secrets from her "lord and master," so the whole story had to be told then and there.

Now, I do not wish to assert that either my husband or our guest, now my brother-in-law, repeated the tale then told them, but certainly the events of that evening have been spoken of, and so incorrectly, that in justice to those present on that occasion I have written down a full and true account of what happened when an entrance to our house was effected by a midnight marauder.

No' the Sort o' Thing for Davie!—The Tweed fishermen are a very independent set of fellows, very civil when not upset, with a certain pride in themselves and their calling, but quite sensible to the difference between good and scurvy treatment. Not a hundred years ago a gentleman well known on Tweedside was fishing with one of them, whom, for the sake of individuality, we will call Davie. Soon after starting, the gentleman killed a ten-pounder, and, greatly pleased, took out his flask and drank "to the fusshe," and, without offering to Davie a sup, returned it to his pocket, blew out the feathers of the fly, and went to work again. The stream was heavy, but Davie never shirked it, and ere long "his gentleman" was in another. This was killed too, and out came the flask again. The gentleman, much delighted, laughed, slapped his thighs, prophesied a big day, drank "to the fusshe" again, and put up his flask—all as a matter of course. But the deuce of a drop got Davie. Davie glowered on't. "He didna joost like the prospect"—it was no' the sort o' thing he was used to at a'." However, he put off from the shore into the stream once more, bent to his work with desperation and a dry throttle, and again the lucky fishermen was in his third fish. A third time they got to shore, and a third time the fish was landed—a noble fifteen-pounder. Laughing, joking, chuckling in the highest glee, the angler again brought out the flask, again drank "to the fusshe," and again, without passing it on, returned the bottle to its abiding-place. Davie rose from his seat. "I'm thinking we'll have an amazing day, Davie," said the gentleman. "I'm thinking ye wull," said Davie, dryly, *as he stepped out of the* boat and handled the chain. "Hallo! what are you about?" asked the gentleman in wonder, as Davie dragged the boat up and commenced locking the chain to the post. "Mon," said Davie, "ef ye drink by yersell, ye may fusshe by yersell, and gang to the deuce for me!" and putting the key in his pocket, he stalked off and left the astonished angler to his meditations.

How It's Done.—A certain noble lord (relates a contemporary), remarkable for the carelessness of his dress, went personally to pay his tailor. Being unknown by sight to the new manager, who received the money, that worthy mistook him for a servant, and, having cast his eyes over the account, and receipted, he handed the supposed servant a sovereign, at the same time delivering himself after this fashion: "Now there's a sovereign for yourself, and it's your own fault that it's not two. But you don't wear out your master's clothes half quick enough. He ought to have had double the amount in the time; and I tell you it's worth your while to use a harder brush." With a queer smile his lordship answered, "Well, I don't know. I think my brush is a pretty hard one too," his lordship complains of it anyhow." "Pooh! Hard—not a bit of it! Now come, I'll put you to a wrinkle that'll put many a sovereign into your pocket. Look here" fetching a piece of wood from a shelf behind him—"you see this bit of stick—now that's roughened on purpose. You take that, and give your master's coat a good scrubbing with it about the elbows and shoulders every day, and give the trousers a touch about the knees, and you'll soon wear 'em out for him, and, as I say, it will be good five pounds in your pocket every year. We shan't forget you don't be afraid." "You are very kind," quoth his lordship, with a comical grin. "I will impart your instructions to my valet, though I fear for the future, while he remains in my service, he will not be able to profit by them, as I shall not trouble you with my custom. I am Lord ——. I wish you good day." Tableau!

Any man that puts an article in reach of overworked women to lighten her labor is certainly a benefactor. Dobbins Soap Mfg Co., surely come under this head in making Dobbins' Electric Soap so cheap that all can use it. You give it a trial.

At Home and Abroad.

Reindeer, as a rule, are not very strong. They can carry only 40 or 50 pounds on their backs and draw from 250 to 300 pounds.

The latest fish story comes from the Rhone, near Geneva, and illustrates the sagacity of the speckled trout. A chemical factory on the bank of the river manufactures, among other things, artificial musk, and the trout in the neighborhood have learned that by eating the waste that is flavored with musk they become flavored themselves and are thus rendered unfit for human food.

A decided innovation in the carriage of mails is about to be introduced in California. Mr. W. P. Miller, an old stage line owner, has been the successful bidder for the mail route between Ukiah and Harris, that State, and he has ready placed an order for two 6 horse power gasoline tricycles, which he will use instead of horses. This route will be the only stage line in the United States which will be run with steam tricycles; and as they will have plenty of mountain road to travel the result of the experiment will be a decisive test.

Denmark's police when they find a drunken man on the street summon a cab, place him inside and drive to the police station, where he is detained until sober. Then he is driven home, the police never leaving him until he is safe in his family. The cabman then makes his charge, the police surgeon his, the constables theirs, and this bill is presented to the proprietor of the establishment where the culprit took his last and overpowering glass. This system is tending to reduce the appalling drunkenness which formerly prevailed in Copenhagen.

Germany's imperial standard is of yellow silk with a black Maltese cross bearing the imperial arms in the centre the words: "Gott Mit Uns, 1870." This is not only the date of the establishment of the Empire, but also that of the acquisition of Alsace Lorraine. It may be supposed that the participation of the French in the Kiel festivities may not be decidedly hearty, *in view of the fact that not only will this* standard be everywhere in evidence, but it may be necessary as a matter of international etiquette for the French men-of-war to fly this flag when the Kaiser shall pay them his visit.

Those who endeavor to discourage the slaughter of small birds, by refusing to wear plumage or the birds themselves in hat or bonnet, should set their faces resolutely against the use of a beautiful cloth called "gibelline," which is obtained by the most refined cruelty. This cloth comes from France, and for its manufacture rabbits are plucked alive, the long fur thus procured being woven into the texture. A particular breed of rabbits only is suitable, the poor animals being carefully tended until the fur grows again. The torture both during and after the plucking operation cannot be imagined, and all right-thinking women will refuse to wear "sibelline," soft and fine as it is.

A French traveler tells an amusing story of Chinese ingenuity. He was staying in a small village close to Pekin, but was resolutely kept awake by the braying of a donkey stabled quite close to his room. He complained bitterly to his host the next morning, the polite Celestial with many expressions of regret declaring that he should not again be disturbed. The next night the donkey was as silent as the grave. The traveler's curiosity was aroused, and the Chinaman explained that when a donkey "sings" he always raises his tail and holds it in a horizontal position. The bray and the tail being evidently thus in conjunction, a heavy stone was tied to the latter, effectually silencing the former, since the donkey became "melancholy, lowered his head and did not move." But immediately the tail was released the bray became deafening.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Our Young Folks.

THOSE TIRESOME TWINS.

BY J. B. K.

EVERYONE in the house groaned when the twins' names were mentioned; but everyone loved them. Mother went so far as to say that they could be good if they liked, but this remark was received in silence, until their father observed that he was afraid they did not often like.

So when nurse had put them into the nursery one morning, and carefully shut down the window, and hooked the high fender round the fire, and gone out, shutting the door behind her, it was Dot who rose first from the floor, where they were meekly playing with the bricks, and helped Cyril to his feet.

"We're going into mother's room," she said.

Dot did not ask—she commanded; so it did not enter into Cyril's mind to contradict her.

They opened the door softly, and peeped out into the passage. Nurse and Jane were making the beds upstairs, so the coast was clear for the two pairs of little feet that flew down the passage.

Mother's room was a dream of delight to the twins; but they very, very seldom got a chance of going there alone. Dot flew to the dressing-table first, and tried to curl her hair with the cold tongs; then she greased it well all over with the cold cream, and poured a little eau-de-Cologne on to her pinafore and Cyril's. Then they wandered over to the wash-hand stand, and played with the bottles.

"Oh, here's our cough mixture!" said Dot. "Is your cough bad still, Cyril? I will give you a dose. I think you must have all the bottle full. Open your mouth directly."

"That isn't fair," said Cyril, whimpering. "It's horrid, nasty stuff, and I don't want it all; mother never gives me all."

"Well, I'll take half," said Dot. "You're such a baby. I don't mind it a bit. Now it's finished; where shall we go next?"

"Shall we go back to the nursery?" said Cyril, who fancied he heard steps on the stairs.

But Dot was scornful.

"No, we won't," she said; "we haven't nearly done all the nice things yet. We'll go into the back garden and pick gooseberries."

"Oh, no!" said Cyril; "no Dot—not gooseberries. Mother said we were not to go into the garden again, after we ate the little peas in their pods."

"Mother won't know," said Dot.

She spoke quite low, and looked a little ashamed; but, nevertheless, she ran over to the door and opened it.

"Oh, don't go, Dot!" said Cyril, almost crying.

"I am going," said Dot crossly. "You are a baby—a cry-baby. You can stay here if you like and tell nurse, but I won't wait for you."

But Cyril had flown after her, and caught her by the skirt.

"I won't be a tell tale, Dot, but I don't want to eat mother's gooseberries. I'll come if you go, but I don't want to be naughty."

Dot whisked the tail of her frock out of his hand and flounced downstairs.

"I do," she said.

All across the lawn she ran, with the unwilling little feet behind her, and the soft little panting breath in her ear. Once or twice Cyril caught at her hand, but she pushed him off, and looked disdainfully at his flushed, tear-stained face. When she got to the gate of the back garden, she stood and fumbled with the lock.

"Oh, you'd better go home again, Cyril," she said. "You are such a coward, and you never like any fun. You're a baby!"

But Cyril could not bear to leave Dot to be found out and punished alone. He was miserable and tired, but he was brave enough to go through the garden gate with her, and to sit on the side of the wheelbarrow, while she picked the hard green gooseberries and ate them.

He did not feel very well, and, besides, he would not have touched one of the little hard round things for the world; but he had counted the cost, and he meant to stick to Dot through everything.

In the meantime mother had run up to the nursery to find the children. The door was wide open and the room empty, so she went across to her own room, and there, in a moment, she saw the litter that Dot had left upon the dressing-table, and, on the washhand-stand, a little empty bottle without a cork.

She flew out of the room and upstairs.

"Nurse," she said, "you must go for the doctor at once. I will find the twins. They have drunk the whole bottle of that cough mixture, and I don't know what will happen."

She ran downstairs again and out into the garden, whilst nurse came panting after her.

"It's that Miss Dot," she said; "Master Cyril would never have thought of it alone. Well, they're just past bearing—but they can be good if they like."

Under the gooseberry bushes in the back garden Cyril was lying, white and pinched; and, when mother lifted him up, his head felt hot and heavy.

"Oh, Cyril! how could you?" she said.

Cyril looked at Dot, but said nothing. Dot, with her head hanging, walked soberly behind.

"My gooseberries, Cyril," said mother again; "and you had promised. I trusted you, Cyril."

Cyril pressed closer to her, but he did not speak, and Dot felt happier; but all the time the doctor was with Cyril in mother's room she felt dimly that things were unevenly divided; for Cyril was really very ill, and he had not even eaten one gooseberry. By-and-by mother came in, and spoke to her in a shaky voice.

"The doctor says Cyril will be all right now," she said. "He is asleep. If there had not been two of you—if he had drunk all the bottle himself, Dot, he might never have woke again. My dear little daughter, I must teach you both to be obedient. To-morrow and for a whole week you and Cyril must go to bed at six o'clock, and I do hope, Dot, that you will never forget this terrible lesson."

For a moment a funny mist seemed to come before Dot's eyes, so that she could not see; but it cleared away, and she sat up.

"What is it, Dot?" said her mother; "have you anything to tell me?"

"No-o o," said Dot, hanging her head.

* * * * * *

But in the middle of the night mother was wakened by a small figure in a white night gown standing by her bed and sobbing wildly. She started up and held out her arms.

"What is it, Dot?" she cried; "are you ill?"

"No; I'm only wicked," said Dot, gulping down her sobs. "I can't go to sleep. Cyril never ate one gooseberry—not one, and I ate hundreds. I can't bear it, mother."

So, after all, it was Dot who had her meals alone and went to bed at six o'clock, while Cyril was petted and made much of; but, somehow, sweets and apples, and damp paper parcels, found their way into the little room from which the bright daylight was excluded, and Dot was conscious, from sighing, sniffling noises, which seemed to come through the keyhole, that Cyril had not forgotten her and was not quite happy without her.

CONCERNING CATS.

THE cat was certainly known to both the ancient Greeks and Romans. There is no mention of her in Greek poetry, but on the paintings of domestic scenes on some of the vases of a late date she is occasionally represented; and Theocritus, the poet of the home-life of the peasants of Sicily makes one of his characters in "The Syracusan Women" rally her idle servant with the words, "why, she is snoozing before the fire like the idle cat that she is," while her mistress is calling out for her services.

In the Museum of Antiquities in Bordeaux a tomb is shown of somewhat rude workmanship belonging to the times of the later Empire, when Gaul had long been under Roman sway, on which is represented the effigy of a young girl of about twelve years of age, with the pets who were, doubtless, dear to her in her lifetime, namely—a cock and a cat, the latter huddled up her arms in the manner so uncomfortable to the cat in which children delight to hug their much-suffering pets.

In Ancient Egypt the cat was not only treated as a domestic pet, she was also actually worshipped as a goddess in the early idolatrous times. Amongst the many creatures to whom in that country divine honors were paid, like the sphinx for example, which was represented with the body of a lion and the head of a man (symbolizing strength united with intelligence), we find that the cat-headed lady was held in especial esteem. This goddess is represented in the Egyptian sculptures sometimes as a cat, sometimes as a woman with the head of a cat; in either case, whether as cat or woman, she wears heavy gold ear-rings, and her neck is adorned with row upon row of chains and necklets. She was probably considered as similar, in a minor degree, to the male sphinx-type of strength united with intelligence by her idolatrous worshippers.

That delightful old traveler and historian, Herodotus, who lived in the 5th century B. C., tells us that the cats of that country, when dead, are all carried to the sacred buildings, and "after being properly salted" (i. e. preserved as mummies), they are buried in the city of Bubastis. He mentions, also, that in token of mourning, "in whatever family a cat happens to die by accident, every individual of the family shaves off his eye-brows." Though with regard to this custom, I may add, that the mourning for the death of a dog was deeper, as the whole head and body had to be shaved in honor of a dog's decease.

And here, I may remark, that in the Bible the domestic cat is never once mentioned. Among the creatures that nightly cried amid the ruins of Babylon, the wild cat, or jackal is named; but as the Hebrew word is the same for both creatures, it seems most likely that the jackal is the one intended.

It is conjectured that there was more than once species of cat in Ancient Egypt. The wall paintings from Egyptian temples, many of which are now placed in the Egyptian room at the British Museum, afford subjects for infinite study and amusement. We may there see cats trained to act as our retriever dogs do, plunging in among the reeds and rushes of a stream to catch the struggling wild-fowl, not to eat, but to bring to the master's feet for his game bag. One of these clever animals, she must have had a wonderful training, actually holds captive two struggling wild ducks at once, one with her mouth, the other between her paws. Other cats are represented as pets.

Mr. Wood tells us, and his evidence on this subject is conclusive, under the heading Felis, the generic name for the whole cat tribe, that, "In the long past times, when the Egyptian nation was at the head of the civilized world, the Felis maniculata was universally domesticated in their homes, while at the comparatively later days of English history, the domestic cat was so scarce in England that royal edicts were issued for its preservation, A. D. 945; yet in those days, the wild cat (Felis catus) was rife throughout the British Islands, and was reckoned as a noxious animal to be destroyed, and not a useful one which must be protected. It is conjectured that the domestic cat was imported from Egypt into Greece and Rome, and from thence into England."

The Egyptian cat was not only honored and protected during its lifetime, but even after death it received funeral honors—such as only fall to the lot of distinguished or wealthy persons—as we have already mentioned.

There are several methods of embalming in use among the Egyptians, by which the bodies of the dead were, for a time, withheld from the natural process of decay. But it was the privilege of kings and rulers alone to have their bodies imbued with costly drugs and sweet spices, and to lie unchanged in their tombs for thousands of years, until their mummied remains were removed from their long repose and exhibited to the public gaze of a people, who, in their own royal time, were but a race of naked savages. The privilege which was denied to the Egyptian workman, was granted to his cat. We have in our museums many specimens of mummied cats; their bodies swathed, bandaged, and spiced in the most careful manner, partaking of this temporary immortality with a Rameses or a Pharaoh.

France in the Middle Ages gives us a few names of lovers of cats.

Many famous Frenchmen have taken especial interest in cats. A notable instance was Cardinal Richelieu, the powerful minister of Louis XIII., who delighted in nothing so much as watching the gambols and elegant movements of kittens; not from any feeling of affection, like that which Mahomet displayed towards Muezza, but but simply as a relaxation from the anxieties of state. Richelieu made no pets, however, but had a fresh supply of kittens every three months to amuse him, and divert his thoughts.

IT is better to remain silent than to speak the truth ill-humoredly, and spoil an excellent dish by covering it with bad sauce.

As the name indicates, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a renewer of the hair, including its growth, health, youthful color, and beauty. It will please you.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Five-cent telegrams are to be tried in Italy.

The world uses three million five hundred steel pens every day.

Of all snakes the cobra is said to be the most susceptible to music.

About 3,000 marriages are performed throughout the world each day.

There is a project on foot to establish a Jewish university in Jerusalem.

A French paper remarks that the British is the most insolent nation in the world.

Caycayo, a West Indian island, is inhabited exclusively by turtles, some of which grow to an enormous size.

By a recent order of the County Council of London people are forbidden to destroy wild birds within a four-mile radius of that city.

Sheep farming is an industry of great importance in Australia. In Victoria alone there is pasturage for something like 25,000,000 sheep.

The Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals gives weekly lectures to coachmen on the proper way to treat dumb animals.

The name "Brazil" means "Red wood," or "Land of the Red Wood." The original discoverer called it "The Land of the Holy Cross."

Monazite, a rare mineral, which neither melts nor burns, is found in the rich metallic heart of the Appalachian Mountains that lie in North Carolina.

A company of comedians selected from the best theatres in Madrid, Barcelona and Seville will visit Paris and London soon, previous to a tour of the United States.

Belgium's revenue from the drink habit has grown in forty years from 4,000,000 to 33,000,000 francs, crime increasing 200 per cent. at the same time and insanity 128 per cent.

Sweden is said to be the most Protestant country in the world. Of the population of 6,000,000 there are only 2,000 Roman Catholic, the remainder belonging almost entirely to the Lutheran Church.

In the Congo territory the lands owned by the Belgian Congo Commercial and Industrial Company stand in the company's books at twopence per acre. Actual sales have been effected at this price.

Petroleum is found in Sicily, the north of Italy, in many volcanic isles of the Mediterranean, at Baku, on the Caspian, on the slopes of the Caucasus, at Rangoon, in Burmah, and in the Island of Trinidad.

The terror inspired by the Japanese armies in the East is greatly enhanced by the fact that they make no noise. They march with no bands, no drums beat reveille tattoo, and in action the Japanese utter no cheers.

When a gunpowder lighter comes alongside a ship all fires are put out, matches are carefully stowed away, the cook suspends operations, pipes are extinguished and the heavy chests are carried on board by hand.

Pinole is a Mexican corn dainty. The corn is roasted, ground to a coarse meal, mixed with sugar and spices and then stirred with water. It is very nutritious, and often forms the sole food of travelers on long journeys.

Berlin is to have soon a "Sport exhibition," in preparation for which, and to save the German language from foreign taint, a committee offers prizes of $125, $50 and $25 for German equivalents for all foreign sporting terms.

The method of taking the census in Japan is much simpler even than the New York method, but decidedly less reliable. In the Land of the Rising Sun the houses are counted and an average of five persons allowed for each house.

In Germany the scholars are taught to know the pestiferous weeds which war on valuable crops. This instruction is given by means of wall maps, which show the weeds in colors, and describe the ways in which the different seeds are scattered.

Several insurance companies doing business in Indiana have begun to cancel all policies on saloon property. The cause of such action is based on the fact that many saloonkeepers will be forced out of business by the new temperance law, and some of them may be tempted to burn their places in order to get the insurance.

A shoplifter, recently convicted, carried a bogus baby with her during her predatory excursions. The infant had a wax face and a hollow leather body. It was the thief's custom to dexterously transfer purloined articles, such as gloves, laces, etc., to the spacious baby, which usually gained much in weight during these little excursions.

The Hessian fly in 1885 caused a loss of $100,000 in two counties of New York. In 1866 the army worm did damage exceeding $500,000 in Iowa. In 1879 the cabbage worm caused a loss of over $500,000 near New York city. The average annual loss from the cotton worm is from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000, and in 1874 the loss from grasshoppers in four Western States was $100,000,000.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

BY W. W. L.

Just like the purple pansy,
Is the luster of her eyes;
Her hair is like the shadows
That darken evening skies.

So tender and so gentle
Is this little love of mine;
Like to no other woman
In mortal shape divine.

OLD-TIME PUNISHMENT.

The punishment meted out to offenders against the various laws of the present day are mild in the extreme when compared to the manner in which criminals were dealt with in England a couple of centuries or so ago. Violators of the law then had considerable to fear; now, unless for murder, they have only confinement in prison staring them in the face. Really until comparatively modern times the punishments consisted of branding, mutilation, dismemberment, whipping and degrading public exposure.

Branding was often carried on with circumstances of atrocious barbarity. Vagabonds were marked with the letter V, idlers and masterless men with the letter S, betokening a condemnation to slavery; any church brawler lost his ears, and for a second offense might be branded with the letter F as a fray maker and fighter. Sometimes the penalty was to bore a hole of the compass of an inch through the gristle of the right ear.

The pillory or stretch-neck was first applied to fraudulent traders, perjurers, forgers and so forth, afterward to rash writers, who dared to express an opinion, such as Prynne, Leighton, Barton, Warton, Bostwick, John Lilburne and Daniel Defoe. In 1705 Mary Coole, who had been convicted of parricide in York, was deprived of her tongue and hands and condemned to the stake.

Until the thirtieth year of George III. the burning of women for petit treason was inflicted upon women convicted of murdering their husbands. In the reign of Mary this death was commonly practiced upon bishops and others who had religious opinions contrary to law.

History has it that on June 16, 1600, Robert Weir was broken on a cartwheel with the coulter of a plough in the hand of a hangman, for murdering the "Guid man of Warriston."

According to the ancient Saxon laws, arson was punishable by death, and in the reign of Edward I. this sentence was executed by a kind of lex talionis, for the incendiaries were burned to death, as they were by the Gothic constitutions.

In 1781 it was no longer death to take a falcon's egg out of the nest, nor was it a hanging matter to be thrice guilty of exporting live sheep.

A man named Mynard was the last person hanged for forgery, in 1825.

In 1833 sentence of death was passed on a child of 9 years who had thrust a stick through a mended pane of glass in a shop window, and putting his hand through the hole had stolen fifteen pieces of paint valued at twopence. This was construed by the lawyers as housebreaking, and the principal witness against the offender was another child of 9 years who was angry because he did not get his share of the paint.

Prisoners for assize at one county goal in 1823, were doubly ironed on first reception, and thus fettered, were all night chained down in the bed, the chain being fixed to the floor of the cell and fastened to the leg-fetters of the prisoners. The chain was of sufficient length to enable them to raise themselves in bed. The cell was then locked and the prisoners continued thus chained down from 7 in the evening until six the next morning. The double irons for the untried prisoners varied from ten to fourteen pounds.

An instance of undue severity was the sentence on a poor young woman, who was ordered transported for having, in a sort of jest, stolen one of her companion's bonnets. After spending considerable time in captivity, she made her escape with some daring exiles, to the port of Timor, in China, in an open boat, after a passage of 7,000 miles through a most stormy sea, and enduring the most unparalleled suffering.

In December, 1777, two men named Holmes and Williams were whipped twice on their bare backs from the end of Colgate street, Holborn, to Dyot street, St. Giles, a distance of half a mile, for stealing a corpse.

Henry Justice, of the Middle Temple, was sentenced to death for stealing books from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1757, and Peter Burchet, of the Middle Temple, was hanged for barbarously murdering his jailer November 12, 1573, his right hand being stricken off and nailed to the gibbet.

The last witches put to death in England were three poor old women of Bideford—Mary Trembles, Temperance Loyd and Susannah Edwards. They were executed at Exeter in 1682.

Ann Williams was sentenced to be burned alive at the stake, and the sentence was carried out at Gloucester April 13, 1753, in the presence of a large number of spectators.

Lydia Adler, convicted at the Old Bailey in June, 1744, for kicking her husband until he died, was found guilty of manslaughter, in consequence of which she was burned in the hand.

On March 14, 1817, a woman named Grant was flogged through the streets of Inverness for bad behavior on the streets.

A woman by the name of Greene, after being hanged, was resuscitated by Sir William Petty. The time of suspension was about half an hour. This, however, was a legal mistake, as the woman was afterward found to be innocent of the crime for which she suffered.

SEVERAL of the reigning monarchs indulge in the use of spectacles and double eye-glasses, Queen Victoria when she is reading, the King of Denmark, the Czar, the Queen-Regent of Holland and also the young King Servia, whose sight is extremely defective. The Queen-Regent of Spain is very short-sighted, and makes free use of her double eye-glass. So, too, does the Archduchess Maria Theresa, future Empress of Austria, as well as several members of the House of Hapsburg. King Leopold of Belgium invariably has his pince-nez stuck on the bridge of his extremely long and prominent nose when reading; nor do the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sweden disdain the assistance of glasses of this kind when reading.

Grains of Gold.

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.

Beautiful bubbles are but glittering emptiness.

Think wrongly, if you please; but in all cases think for yourself.

If thou canst not make thyself loved much, make thyself slightly feared.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time we fall.

Great mistakes are often made like great cables, from a multitude of strands.

Every man has a serious rival in the ideal man a woman likes to sit and dream about.

There is only one thing we are willing to have others share with us. It is our opinion.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

To live above our station shows a proud heart, and to live under it discovers a narrow soul.

There are many women who allow themselves to be conquered; there are few who allow themselves to be tamed.

The road to ambition is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty and too dark for science.

Femininities.

Nell: "Dell's mother is a deaf mute." Belle: "What a lovely chaperone she would make!"

Every woman occasionally says something that causes you to wonder where she learned it.

The man who distrusts womankind generally had a mother who died before he could remember her.

It is curious how a woman who screams at a mouse is not startled at a millinery bill that makes a man tremble.

"My son, you ask who or what a 'nobody' is? Well, my dear boy, a 'nobody' is a prominent woman's husband."

A college of beauty has been established. Young lady pupils are taught to give their faces and their attitudes expression and grace.

Durham University has been authorized to bestow degrees upon women. Oxford and Cambridge Universities, however, still refuse.

Blobbs: "Why did Miss Oldgirl cut our friend Wigwag?" Slobbs: "He thoughtlessly remarked upon her penchant for indulging in new wrinkles."

Madame Chevillard, of Villigardin, France, who is now 100 years old, has, it is said, never eaten meat in her whole life, but subsisted altogether on bread, milk, fruits and vegetables.

"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "That could not be," said Mr. Smith; "I have no sweetheart. I am a married man."

A correspondent wants to know if it is proper to urge a young lady to sing at an evening gathering after she has refused once. It is proper to urge her a little, but not enough to induce her to change her mind.

One of the singular customs honored in Madagascar is that the Prime Minister shall always marry the Queen of the country. The present Premier has already outlived three sovereigns, to each of whom he has been united in turn.

A society has been formed at Helsingfors, in Finland, under the name of Unionen, for the improvement of the training and education of women, an extension of the female field of labor, and an elevation of women's position in the home and social life.

The females, as compared with the males, have lost relatively in numbers since 1880 in the United States as a whole, the numerical loss being 1 2-4 to each 100,000 males, as against a relative loss in 1880 of 1,257 females to each 100,000 males.

Sarah Bernhardt recently drew quite a large audience in a Parisian Civil Court, where she was sued for non-payment of a horse dealer's bill. She declared that she never preserved receipts, and swore that this bill had been paid. She won her case.

The person honored by the first degree conferred on a woman by Gottingen University is a young Englishwoman, Miss Grace Chisholm. After two years study in this University, Miss Chisholm secured the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She had previously won mathematical honors at Oxford and Cambridge.

A very interesting woman is Mme. Rostowska, of Lille, France. Not only is she 112 years old and a major's widow, but she was the cantiniere of a Polish regiment in the Russian campaign, was under fire 12 times and received three wounds. She was decorated with the silver cross. Besides this she has survived her 15 children, the last of whom she buried at the age of 80.

A spiritualistic medium of Gubio, Italy, recently promised to put a mother in communication with her son. Upon the appearance of flames and sulphurous smoke coming from the cabinet the poor woman was convinced that her boy had been damned. She has become hopelessly insane, and the medium is to be prosecuted.

Probably among no single class of persons is superstition as rife as among actors. Fanny Davenport, for instance, attributes any misfortune which may befall her to birds. She never allows any to be used about the theatre during her engagement, and recently rejected a set of scenery on which the artist had given vent to his fancy in the shape of a peacock.

The Empress of Austria has a curious dislike for flowers. It is said that she cannot bear to sit in a room where they are. When she was in England her apartments at the hotel were lavishly decorated with the choicest blooms, but directly the royal steward arrived he requested that all the flowers might be removed before the Empress came, so that she might neither see nor smell them.

Mr. Henry J. Haskell, who in 1892 defeated Miss Ellen Knowles for the position of Attorney General of Montana after a hard contest on the hustings which the lady nearly made a tie at the polls, subsequently solaced his competitor by making her his assistant. A few days ago this thoughtful Attorney General was reported to be en route to the East for the purpose of making the Assistant Attorney General his bride.

Masculinities.

Few men are so clever as to know all the mischief they do.

Knowledge may swell the head, but it can never purify the heart.

Plainness is not admired in society—especially when it appertains to girls and truth.

The dread of what may befall us is more insupportable than anything that is likely to happen.

The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

Sea anemones have been known to live for three or four years without any nourishment save what they extract from the water.

Many a man has boasted of keeping out of politics, when, as a matter of fact, politics would refuse to have anything to do with him.

A Nevada man who had seven homely daughters got a newspaper to insert a hint that he had seven kegs filled with gold in his cellar, and every girl was married in five months.

An unpublished letter of Columbus, addressed to two officers of the King of Aragon in 1493, was read at the last session of the Academy of Moral and Political Science in Paris.

"I will work night and day to make you happy," he said. "No," she answered thoughtfully; "don't do that. Just work during the day and stay home at night."

C. M. Bailey, a Maine manufacturer, said to be the wealthiest man in the State, has for years employed a band of evangelists to work in the small towns of the State.

Van Tickler: "Where did you become so intimate with Mr. Fliegt?" D. Dudely: "On the Mississippi. We were thrown together during a steamboat explosion."

An enterprising citizen of Connecticut once advertised that on receipt of $1, he would send an infallible recipe for fat persons to become thin. His formula was: "Don't eat anything for a year."

Every man has his moments of inspiration, when he feels and thinks and can do what at other times is impossible; but they are only moments, and not many of them at a time, and he should therefore, make most of them.

A London city magnate, who daily drives to his place of business, says a contemporary, has a phonograph in his carriage, into which he pours messages, short letters, instructions, and other matters of importance. When he alights the machine is handed to the head clerk, who takes his instructions from it.

It is said that Mr. Edison believes that the newspapers of the future will be phonographic. His reason for this is that the eyesight of the people is becoming poorer, time is more precious and newspapers are acquiring such huge proportions that it is almost impossible for people to read them through.

A novel economic theory has been advanced by a minister of Oakland, Cal. He believes that all taxation should be abolished, and that the national, State and local governments should earn their living the same as individuals by the operation of railroads, street railways, telegraph and steamboat lines, and, in fact, all lines of business now carried on by corporations.

The French Admiralty has adopted a new system of age retirements: Vice admirals at 65, rear admirals at 60, captains at 58, commanders at 54, lieutenants (senior grade) at 50, lieutenants (junior grade) at 45. No officer is eligible for the rank of vice admiral unless as rear admiral he shall have commanded for two years at sea, or shall have been admiral superintendent three years.

Solomon's injunction about the rod seems still to hold good in many Scotch schools. The Montrose School Board has just been discussing corporeal punishment in one of its schools, and it came out that the leather "taws" used as an instrument of education at the school in question weighed ½ ounces and was 26 inches long. The well known "birch" of American schools is not a circumstance to a pain dispenser of this character.

The late Czar of Russia was childishly fond of toys, giving the preference to models of ironclads. He had a unique collection of these miniature vessels of destruction, amongst them one of soli l silver, and another so complete in every detail that it cost a thousand pounds. His last treasure was the model of an Atlantic liner which was only a yard long, yet an absolute copy of the original.

He was a great bore, and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he, "Jones is a good man: he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of officer we need. He once saved my life from drowning." "Do you really want to see Jones elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do indeed. I'd do anything to see him elected," answered the bore. "Then never let anybody know he saved your life," counselled the solemn-faced man.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A new material, which ranks a grade higher than linen or duck, is woven of flax or silk. The woof is of white silk and the warp of colored flax, giving it a pretty sheen. It is used for dressy summer gowns, is very soft, and warranted not to crease. Buttercup yellow and white is a charming combination.

A substitute for haircloth comes in a new material called gazeline. It is a kind of open canvas which holds its stiffness, and can be used next to thin fabrics.

White alpaca, both plain and figured, is one of the fashionable materials for garden party games, and the waists are made of white satin trimmed with lace, or of fancy glace silks.

Wreaths of small flowers are worn around the hair at the back with evening dress.

Opals cut round like pearls are the present craze among gems.

A very pretty tuck is given to the new striped silk blouses by making the collar and cuffs of batiste to match the color in the stripe and trimming the edge with narrow cream lace.

Pretty blue serge dresses for sporting costumes have blouse waists like the skirts made with two wide side plaits on each side in front, falling toward the centre over a striped white embroidery, and a row of small round pearl buttons in groups of three down either side of the inside plait. Turn-over collars and cuffs of lace-edged batiste complete the costume.

Colored cambric handkerchiefs in pale shades of mauve, green and yellow, with triple hems of white finely hemstitched, are a new fancy.

White cloth is used to pipe the overlapped seams in the skirts of cloth dresses, and white kid embroidered in Persian colors is a novelty for vests of such gowns, which are usually made with a short godeted coat.

One of the tyrannies of fashion, from which there is a prospect of speedy relief, is the heavy, interlined, widely distended skirt. The weight of this accumulation varies according to the quality and quantity of haircloth necessary to line it; but four hanks are hardly enough to manipulate the folds in such a way as to keep the skirt out of the dust, and when a woman tries to accomplish the task with two for gown s soon forgotten in her cramped fingers and she gives it up in despair. How anything so totally unfit to be worn in the street ever became a fashion is a mystery to every one except those who manufacture the haircloth, and they must have reaped a harvest of riches. But physicians have denounced the heavy linings as injurious to health, and this, with the good sense of long suffering and heroic women who have patiently tried to endure the burden for fashion's sake, has brought about a decided reaction against them, and the heavy skirt must go.

A very plain model gown is in old rose silk glace, brocbed with roses. The wide flaring skirt is unadorned.

Over the close fitting silk bodice is a French blouse, shaped out square at the neck, and formed of pearls, jets and mats cabochons. The collar band is of lace, with fan bows at the sides, and the narrow belt is of black satin. The sleeves are immense gigots, fitting very closely below the elbow and terminating in points which fall over the back of the hand, and are edged with narrow lace.

Another simple toilette is in figured organdie, which may be made over a foundation of taffeta silk, percaline or victoria lawn, or may be made without a foundation. The garniture consists of blue taffeta ribbon spotted with white. The very full skirt is finished by a deep hem, and is adorned at each side of the front by a ten-inch band of the ribbon, terminating in a point.

At the yoke line the full blouse is laid in a box plait in the centre. This plait spreads, however, to wards the waist, where it is gathered and droops over the ribbon belt. The yoke is finished by a ruffle at the neck, and is surrounded by bands of the ribbon, which cross at the corners of the yoke and terminate in points at the bust and on the sleeves. The very bouffante bishop sleeves are sewn into narrow cuffs of blue silk.

A lavender dimity has the full skirt adorned by two plaited ruffles of yellow Valenciennes lace, the one placed an inch above the other. These ruffles are machine stitched to the skirt.

The French blouse bodice has a broad centre box plait in the front and is terminated at the waist line by a ribbon belt, finished at the back by an aigrette bow. Bouffante puffed sleeves, with deep ruffles of the dimity, striped with insertion and edged with lace, are garnished at the elbow by bands of ribbon forming aigrette bows on the top of the arm. A large, square collet of the dimity, falling in a point at the back and over each sleeve, while the front point is concealed under the box plait, is also striped with insertion and edged with lace. Ribbon bows adorn the shoulders, and Paquin points of lace-edged dimity are turned over the top of the ribbon collar-band.

This model is also pretty for a linen or figured dimity, which may be trimmed with Swiss embroidery, or for a pique, to be trimmed with heavier embroidery.

A novel gown in blue and white striped gingham is garnished by bias applique bands of the gingham edged with narrow Swiss embroidery. The skirt is striped by these bands, which almost meet at the waist, but spread as they descend.

The blouse bodice has a star yoke formed of these bands, which terminate in points, the centre front band being continued to the waist. The sleeves are large gigots, with bias cuffs of the gingham edged with embroidery. Collar band and belt are of blue ribbon and Paquin points, or a small collar of the gingham edged with embroidery may be turned over the collar band.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

There are numberless simple ways of adding to the comfort of the piazza, chief among which are screens to modify the light, and the most durable as well as artistic of these are the bamboo shades which sell from $1 up, and which are easily adjusted, as they work upon pulleys. Home-made ones of awning cloth fastened to spring rollers, such as are used in shop windows, if put up with suitable fixtures, will also be found convenient, as they may be raised or lowered at will, and are less heavy than these of bamboo. For the furnishings one or more Japanese cotton rugs will be found useful, and of course a hammock or two, with air pillows and a pretty knitted blanket, are indispensable. A rattan sofa and a good sized centre table, if space will permit, will be a great convenience, and plenty of easy chairs and cushions all serve to tempt to outdoor living. Wooden boxes filled with growing plants and vines set upon the rails are a pleasing addition, and it is said they help to keep away insects; and palms and flowers all help to give the effect of a summer drawing room. It is becoming quite the custom to have these pleasant out-door rooms glazed in winter, and to continue the life in the sunshine begun in the warm weather. Afternoon tea is here as in summer.

Many city residents condemned to a summer in town fit up a space on the housetop, where the hot evenings are spent in great comfort. The chief expense of such an arrangement is the awning, which is necessary on account of the campiness. It must be securely fastened and made adjustable, so that it can be quickly rolled up in case of storm, and the few rugs and folding chairs necessary can be kept in a large box or chest which has been made waterproof.

To clean the railings of banisters wash off all the dirt with soap and water, and when dry rub with two parts of linseed oil and one of turpentine.

Here is an excellent preparation for polishing brass. Pound fine and then sift half a pound of rotten stone. Add to this half a gill of turpentine and enough sweet oil to make a thick paste. Wash the brass first in soap and water; wipe dry, and then rub with the paste. Rub with a soft, clean rag and finish with a piece of chamois skin.

To mend breaks in plaster mix together half a pint of powdered lime, one gill of plaster of Paris and cold water enough to make a thick paste. Fill the holes with this and smooth the surface with a knife. Work quickly. If there be many breaks mix only as much plaster as can be used in ten minutes, as it hardens quickly.

Banana Cream Pudding.—Melt one cupful of sugar in one pint of milk. Mix two tablespoonfuls of corn starch with cold milk, stir it into the milk and cook fifteen minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat the whites of three eggs, stir into the thickened milk and cook again for five minutes. Turn into a deep dish to cool. When ready to serve, cover the cream with sliced bananas. Mix a few grains of salt with half a cupful of powdered sugar. Sprinkle this over the bananas. Serve with cream and jelly sauce, made of one fourth of a cupful of apple or strawberry jelly beaten into one cupful of thick cream.

Baked Bananas.—Allow one tablespoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of hot water to each banana. Pare the bananas and cut into halves. Place them on a shallow dish. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in hot water and pour it over the fruit. Mix a little salt and spice or lemon juice with the sugar, sprinkle it over the top and bake twenty minutes, or until brown.

Huckleberry Cake.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, five eggs, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, one teaspoonful nutmeg, and the same of cinnamon; one quart ripe, fresh huckleberries, thickly dredged with flour. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream, add the beaten yolks, then the milk, the flour, and spice, the whites whipped stiff, and the soda. At the last stir in the huckleberries with a wooden or paddle, not to bruise them. Bake in a loaf or card, in a moderate but steady oven, until a straw comes out clean from the thickest part. This is a delicious cake, and deserves to be better known.

Boiled Lemon Pudding.—Two cups of dry bread crumbs, one cup powdered beef suet, four tablespoonfuls flour—prepared, one-half cup sugar, one large lemon. All the juice and half the peel, four eggs, whipped light; one cup of milk—a large one. Soak the bread crumbs in the milk, add the suet, beat eggs and sugar together and these well into the soaked bread. To these put the lemon, lastly the flour, beaten in with as few strokes as will suffice to mix up all into a thick batter. Boil three hours in a buttered mould. Eat hot with wine sauce.

Plain Boiled Pudding.—One cup lopered milk or cream, one half cup molasses, one-half cup butter, melted; two and one-half cups flour, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in hot water; a little salt. Mix molasses and butter together, and beat until very light. Stir in the cream or milk, and salt; make a hole in the flour, pour in the mixture. Stir down the flour gradually until it is a smooth batter. Beat in the soda water thoroughly, and boil at once in a buttered mould, leaving room to swell. It should be done in an hour and a half. Eat hot with a good sauce.

Jelly Puddings.—Two cups very fine stale biscuit or bread crumbs; one cup rich milk—half cream, if you can get it; five eggs, beaten very light; one-half teaspoonful soda, stirred in boiling water; one cup sweet jelly, jam or marmalade. Scald the milk and pour over the crumbs. Beat until half cold, and stir in the beaten yolks, then whites, finally the soda. Fill large cups half full with the batter; set in a quick oven and bake half an hour. When done, turn out quickly and dexterously; with a sharp knife make an incision in the side of each; pull partly open, and put a liberal spoonful of the conserve within. Close the slit by pinching the edges with your fingers. Eat warm with sweetened cream.

White Puffs.—One pint rich milk; whites of four eggs whipped stiff; one heaping cup prepared flour; one scant cup powdered sugar; grated peel of half a lemon; a little salt. Whisk the eggs and sugar to a meringue, and add this alternately with the flour to the milk. (If you have cream or half cream half milk, it is better.) Beat until the mixture is very light, and bake in buttered cups or tins. Turn out, sift powdered sugar over them, and eat with lemon sauce. These are delicate in texture and taste, and pleasing to the eye.

Currant Fritters.—Two cups dry, fine bread crumbs; two tablespoonfuls prepared flour; two cups of milk; one-half pound currants, washed and well dried; five eggs whipped very light and the yolks strained; one-half cup powdered sugar; one tablespoonful butter; one-half teaspoonful mixed cinnamon and nutmeg. Boil the milk and pour over the bread. Mix and put in the butter. Let it get cold. Beat in, next, the yolks and sugar, the seasoning, flour and stiff whites; finally, the currants dredged whitely with flour. The batter should be thick. Drop in great spoonfuls into the hot lard and fry. Drain them and send hot to table. Eat with a mixture of wine and powdered sugar.

Lemon Macaroons.—One pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, whipped very light and long; juice of three lemons and peel of one; one heaping cupful prepared flour, one half teaspoonful nutmeg. Butter your hands lightly; take up small lumps of the mixture, make into balls about as large as a walnut, and lay them upon a sheet of buttered paper—more than two inches apart. Bake in a brisk oven.

WHAT THEY LIKE.

A DISH that is almost certain to lead the way on the English Queen's menu is a kind of oatmeal soup. The wine served with it is white sherry, which her Majesty generally drinks from a beautiful gold cup formerly belonging to Queen Anne. Boiled beef and pickled cucumbers—a favorite dish with Prince Albert—invariably follow the soup, while a baron of beef is likewise a constant feature.

It is noteworthy that the Queen still adheres to the old practice of having the cook's name called out as each dish is brought to the table. This custom dates back to the days of George II, and had its origin in a conspiracy against one Weston, formerly an assistant, whom the king had raised to the dignity of chief "mouth cook." His late comrades, jealous of his preferment, endeavored to disgrace him by tampering with the dishes. Upon Weston proving the existence of this plot to his royal master, the latter gave orders that in future, as each dish was brought on, the name of its cook should be called out, in order that praise or blame might be bestowed where due.

In strong distinction to Queen Victoria's tastes are those of another royal lady—Queen Margaret of Italy. The latter's tastes incline specially towards olives and cakes fried in oil. When the royal guests consist exclusively of Italians, none but national dishes are served, spaghetti, garlic, onions, and oil forming the chief components of the meal. Both the King and Queen of Italy are specially fond of fritto—a terrible compound of artichokes, chickens' livers, calves' brains, and cocks' combs!

The Grand Duchess of Baden prides herself on her coffee, which she prepares in a Russian coffee-pot with her own hands. Her husband, on the other hand, grows his own wine, and is his own head cellarmaster. His favorite dish is lentil soup, made toothsome with a little vinegar, and Frankfort sausages; while his wife is extremely fond of sweetmeats.

The Pope's daily bill of fare is simplicity itself. For breakfast a cup of coffee and milk and a roll without butter. Dinner consists of soup, several kinds of meat, pastry in the Italian style, a roast, and either fried potatoes or vegetables. With this the Pope drinks a glass of old Burgundy, while a little fruit concludes the meal. At six o'clock a cup of bouillon and a small glass of claret are taken, while supper, at 10 30, is composed of cold meat and another cup of bouillon. According to etiquette, the Pope is obliged to take his meals alone.

At King Oscar of Sweden's table a national dish consisting of raw salmon preserved in earth is almost invariably to be found. There is likewise a curious soup composed mainly of boiled barley and whipped cream. No waste is allowed, and once a week the remainders of roas's are heshed, formed into balls, and fried in oil. This dish is served on large silver platters, the borders of which are garnished with fried eggs.

The Emperor of Austria specially affects spaetzle (a national dish somewhat resembling macaroni) and apple wine, while the Empress Elizabeth is extremely fond of sweets of all kinds. As a rule, however, her food consists of cold meats, fruits, the juice of raw beefsteaks, and tea. Her Majesty is extremely partial to Bavarian 'Knoedels," but does not venture to indulge in that delicacy, for fear of its influence on her figure, of which, as is well known, she is very proud.

Vienna roast beef, or pot-roast, is the favorite dish of the German Emperor, who always has this dish placed on the menu whenever he is on a visit. At dessert he drinks a brand of champagne expressly manufactured for him. The Empress Frederick is extremely fond of cream, which is added to most dishes on her table. She also likes purees and pastries of various kinds.

Like the Pope, the sultan eats by himself, partaking freely of meat, sweets, vegetables, sorbets, and ice cream. His Majesty is a total abstainer, but nevertheless wines and champagnes are freely dispensed at State dinners.

A SHORT while ago an employe in a large chemical works, in Germany, entered one of the departments with a lighted lantern, with the result that an explosion occurred, followed by the bursting of the acid tanks. He was never seen seen again, not even a shred of his clothing. The insurance companies refused to pay the policies on his life, claiming there was no proof of death.

THE telephone has been known in India for thousands of years.

Recent Book Issues.

Stanley Wood's "Answer to Coin's Financial School" is a very interesting and valuable book on the money question. Illustrated by Frank Beard. Published by Sherwood & Co., Chicago.

FRESH PERIODICALS

The June number of "The Quiver" contains, in addition to a generous installment of wholesome fiction, the following articles, nearly all of which are illustrated: "The Penniless Poor—Child Labor," "The Royal Baby and the Slum Baby," "The Distraction of the Ministry," "The Religious Training of the Public School Boy," "An Ideal Mistress and Maid," "Scripture Lessons," "How to Gain by Spending," "Great Centres of Religious Activity in Leeds," "Fussy Folk," poetry, music, the "Short Arrows" department, etc. The Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"Lippincott's Magazine" for June contains the complete novel, "The Battle of Salamanca," a stirring tale of the Napoleonic wars, from the Spanish of Benito Perez Goldos, an author of high repute in his own country. Other contributions are "Beset in Aravalta Canon," by William Thomson; "As a Day in June," by May D. Hatch; "Interwoven Strains," by J. Percival Pollard; "William Shakspeare: his Mark," by William Cecil Elam. John Gilmer Speed writes with full knowledge on a topic of great practical importance, "Improving the Common Roads." Published in this city.

EASTER IN RUSSIA.

IN Russia Easter constitutes the greatest festival of the year, and not only the greatest religious festival, but also the most important national holiday. For a whole week all places of business are shut, all banks and public offices, and the whole country gives itself up to pleasure and amusement.

Simple, light-hearted, and hospitable to a degree, a Russian when he takes holiday surrenders himself to the full enjoyment of it with all the eagerness and abandonment of a child.

The joy and happiness of Easter would appear to be only increased by the long fast which precedes the festival. Perhaps in no other country is Lent kept so strictly; not only is all meat forbidden, but milk, eggs, cheese, butter and fish. Caviare, dried fish and shellfish are allowed, and on Sundays and Saturdays the rigor is a little lessened. The fast is kept usually most strictly by the peasants during the whole period it lasts; but the rich, on ess very old-fashioned, only keep it during the first and last weeks.

The season of abstinence and mortification is ushered in by what is called the "Butter-week," corresponding somewhat to the Carnival—the last week in which butter is supposed to be allowed. During this time, every one eats "blivnes," a kind of pancake served with sour cream or melted butter and caviare. Festivities and merry-makings of all kinds are in full swing, to prepare for the dull period to follow. Lent always commences on a Monday and from then till Easter the only break is Palm-Sunday, or, as it is called, Willow-Sunday. If the weather happens to be fine and warm, then the streets on the eve of Willow-Sunday present a pretty appearance. Peasants, with huge bundles of willow and palm branches, line the sides of the road. Peasant girls in their bright skirts and head-dresses stand at the church doors with baskets of artificial flowers, made by themselves, which they offer for sale to the passers-by. Every one must be provided with some flower or branch to carry into the church to be blessed by the priest.

There is a curious custom among the peasants on this night, which gives rise to no little amount of rough play—namely, that whoever strikes another with the sacred flowers earns the right to a salute like that connected with our mistletoe at Christmas. On Sunday, when every one is exempt from fasting, the whole town seems to turn out of doors; and the people in their bright dresses, with the bunches of gaily-colored flowers and fresh twigs, create an agreeable relief to the monotony of the preceding weeks.

The next six days are a universal fast, most rigorously kept. Visits are not paid; no amusements may take place; all are preparing for the solemn duty of confession and of partaking of the Holy Communion. Confession in Russia is a duty enforced by the civil law upon every one at least once a year. So much importance is attached to this duty, that the first question put to a witness, after that respecting his name, is, "When did you confess last?" Passion-week presents a curious contrast. A great deal of time is spent in church, and what is left is taken up with shopping, in anticipation of the great feast. Immense stores of eatables of all descriptions have to be bought in. Every one gives and receives presents, and much time and thought are expended in the preparation and coloring of the eggs, without which no Easter would be complete. These eggs are of all sorts, real eggs hard-boiled and colored brightly, or wooden eggs, made and sold by the peasants. Indeed, one of the principal sights during Passion-week is the shops filled with eggs, not only the confectioner's with its chocolate and sugar wares, but the silversmith's with its lovely little egg shaped cases, enclosing rings and other pretty articles.

At Easter, everybody considers it essential to appear in new clothes; so the milliners' and drapers' shops are crowded, and scarcely a single person can be seen who is not loaded with parcels—generals of high rank, "popes" or priests, ladies of fashion; indeed, it would be strange to meet any one without some square, oblong, or round package in his hand.

On Saturday the "dvornika" or porters struggle along the streets, weighed down by huge sacks of groceries, sweetmeats and fruits of all kinds. In the houses, all is turmoil and confusion; for everything must be turned out and every corner cleaned, the kitchen floors made as white as possible, and the tables spread. All this must be done on Saturday; Friday is too sacred. No work is done. All persons who possibly can are in church. Many even go into deep mourning. Then commences one of the most peculiar services—namely, the "Burial of Christ." During the usual vespers, the 'tomb of Christ" is brought from the holy place and set in the centre of the church; after which, at the head of a solemn procession of choir-boys and "popes," the representation of the "body of Christ"—an oblong piece of silk having the painting of the dead Saviour upon it—is brought from the altar and laid upon the tomb. At night, a solemn service is held; and amidst the tolling of bells, and the soft, low chanting, the icon representing the body is placed in its last resting place, the lights are put out, and it is left in the darkness.

On Saturday towards evening the streets become quiet; the shops are closed, so that at nine o'clock you wonder where the throngs can be gone. But wait another hour, and what a change! All is again alive, but with this differences, that every one now has on his best things, has bathed, even to the poorest peasants, and is hurrying along to join in the wonderful mid night service, preparing for Easter, which is called the "Splendor-bearing Sunday," the "Great and Holy Sunday," the "Opener of the Gates of Paradise," the "Sanctifier of the Faithful," the "Passage from Darkness to Light."

The servants are never forgotten: they receive handsome presents, besides a large ham, several joints, a cheese each. They decorate their own table, after the fashion of peasants, with branches of willow, and place above it the holy picture, beneath which a lamp is kept burning. Then, till the holiday is over, the kitchen is the meeting-place of all their relations and friends; and no mistress dares put any restriction on the most unbounded hospitality.

"MIGHTY IMPROVING."—Molly Malone, a worthy washerwoman in the West of Ireland, used to say—and say almost invariably—after hearing a sermon on Sunday, that it was "mighty improvin'."

One day, however, her clergyman, who was not quite content with this generality, spoke to her respecting his discourse, and Molly suddenly became what they call in Ireland "a little bothered." Nevertheless she got out of her difficulty with one of those parabolic answers which are such favorities with her class, and which, while it completely evaded the question satisfactorily replied to it.

"Well, Molly," said the clergyman, "you liked the sermon, you say?"

"Oh, yes, your rivirence," was the reply; "it was mighty improvin'."

"And what part of it did you like best?" he continued.

"Well, sure, sir, I liked every part," answered Molly.

"But I suppose there were some portions of it that you were more struck with than you were with others?" persisted the parson.

"In troth, plase your rivirence," said the old woman, "I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether 'twas mighty improvin'."

"Now, Molly, how could it be improving if you don't remember any part of it?" asked the reverend gentleman.

"Well, your rivirence sees that linen I've been washing and dhrying on the hedge there?" said Molly.

"Oh, certainly," was the answer.

"Wasn't it the soap and wather made the linen clane, sir?" asked Molly.

"Of course they did," said the rector.

"And isn't the linen all the better for it?" asked the old woman.

"Oh, no doubt of that, Molly," was the reply.

"But not a dhrop of the soap and wather stays in it. Well, sir, 'tis the same thing wid me," continued Molly—"not a word o' the sarmint stays in me. I suppose it all dhries out o' me—but I'm the better and the claner for it, when it's over, for all that."

ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND.—It must always be borne in mind that there is great difference between the eastern and western shores of Newfoundland. On the western shore fog is rarely seen, and the climate is an 'ameliorated' one. The southern shore suffers most from fog. There is least fog in winter. Newfoundland is said to escape alike the fierce heats and the intense colds of Canada and some of the States. The inhabitants make no Arctic preparations for winter clothing, and open fireplaces suffice to warm the houses.

The interior of the island is clothed with magnificent forests of pine, spruce, birch, juniper, larch, etc. The aspen, the poplar, and the willow thrive. There are no cedars, beeches, elms, or oaks; and authority does not say whether any attempt has been made to introduce them.

Not a snake, lizard, toad, frog, or any noxious repute lives in Newfoundland, but game of all kinds abounds—ducks and geese, ptarmigan, sable martens, lynxes; foxes, red, black, and gray; otters, beavers, reindeer. Even wolves and black bears still linger in the interior.

We think that Newfoundland is perhaps best known by its famous breed of dogs. But it appears that these, like the island's present humanity, are not indigenous. They seem to have been produced by some happy crossing of breeds. It is said that in the island they appear to degenerate, and that the Newfoundland dog thrives better out of Newfoundland. Old settlers are reported as saying that the genuine breed consisted of a dog twenty-six inches high, with black naked body, gray muzzle, gray or white stockinged legs, with dew-claws behind. The Leonberg dogs—a cross between the Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, and the Pyrenean wolf-dog—are said to thrive well in the island, and to possess 'some of the highest moral qualities of the noble races whose blood blends in their veins.'

In the vegetable kingdom, Newfoundland, though a land of frost and fog, is reported by competent experts to be singularly rich. Common English flowers, with care, thrive well in sheltered gardens. Even the dahlia will survive the winter. Perennials do better than annuals. Among wild flowers, lilies are developed in great luxuriance, also heart's-ease, Solomon's seal, columbine, bell flowers, and pitcher-plants. Grasses are rich and abundant. Potatoes are unsurpassed anywhere; and cucumbers, marrows, melons, cabbages, cauliflowers, beans, carrots, and peas are abundant. Strawberries, raspberries, and gooseberries are fair. A farmer from Cape Breton settled near Deer Lake reports great satisfaction with his land. Clover and buckwheat grew luxuriantly, and the soil favored the growth of flax.

RECOGNIZED AN ENEMY.—Not long ago Mr. X., the great Chicago provision merchant, principal partner in the firm which bears his name, and whose tins of compressed beef are universally known, was making a prolonged tour through Europe.

Whilst he was visiting Spain an amusing incident is said to have occurred in Madrid, though, perhaps, the joke was not appreciated by the American millionaire.

Mr. X. was taken by a Spanish grandee to witness what was promised to be an unusually fine display of the national sport. When, however, the first bull made its appearance in the arena he sank down on the ground, and in spite of the united efforts of toreador and attendants, obstinately refused to move.

Everything being at a standstill, the director summoned the toreador and inquired the cause of the trouble. For the benefit of the American visitor the toreador replied, in broken English—

"Ah, senor, ze bull 'ave seen ze great beef merchant of Chicago sitting with your excellency, and zere is no fight left in 'im!"

A CURIOSITY OF EYESIGHT.—An old sea captain states that he is troubled with a peculiarity of vision which is common to all skippers and ships' officers of high rank who have had long experience on the sea. In this particular instance the captain complains that through long use of the telescope, the quadrant, and other instruments used in making calculations at sea, the sight has been drawn from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly through the instruments. He says he can discern objects at an enormous distance with his right eye, but is scarcely able to read with his left. Tendency of nature to adjust itself to conditions is heightened in these cases by the bright glare from the waters, which makes the strain on the eye especially trying.

PARSON JOHNSON: 'Did your son's college education improve him any, Deacon?"

Deacon Ketchum: "Deedy, yais; 'specially de foot ball trainin'. He kin tuckle a hen roost, snap a chicken off de perch, tuck him undah his right arm an' outrun a load uv buckshot."

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Ye while his wife, arrayed
In her new gown, and bonnet gay,
Doth view ye great parade.

Makes light of things—The candle-maker.

Enforced civility—Bowing to circumstances.

An affair of the heart—The circulation of the blood.

No woman can be up to date, for she will never tell her age.

What great sport it would be if the fish would bite like the mosquitoes.

Old Soak says he never drinks water, because it only spoils a man's thirst.

Hoax: "What kind of chickens lay longest?" Joax: "Dead ones, of course."

Many a man adoringly calls his sweetheart an angel, and after marriage wishes she was one.

"Algy and May have tabooed hammocks." "Why?" "One was the cause of their first falling out."

It is true that bullets can sing and whistle, but they are not by any means agreeable musical companions.

Dashaway: "Aren't you spruced up a good deal, uncle?" Uncle Ebony: "Yes, rah. Mah wife has done got work."

"I guess I know why they call idols idols," said Bobbie. "It's because they sit still all the time and do nothing."

"Well," said the monkey to the organ-grinder, as he sat on top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."

Hoax: "So Gunn has been reinstated. I should think that when a gun gets loaded a discharge should follow." Joak: "Yes, but this load was wet."

"They say that miser Mendle is sick. What is the trouble?" "Remorse. He gave a tramp a counterfeit dollar, and the fellow passed it at his store."

"Ma, that baby across the street hasn't any teeth." "Of course not, Tommy. You didn't have any when you were that small." "But that baby's pa is a dentist."

Wigwag: "There goes a man you ought to arrest. He's forever driving his horses to death." S. P. C. A. Agent: "Who is he?" Wigwag: "An undertaker."

New boarder: **"The sun never enters** this room." Landlady: "That will make it a half crown more; you can sit by the window without danger of getting freckled."

"I enjoyed your lecture on the financial issue very much," said the citizen to the orator; "but I would like to ask you one question." "Certainly," said the orator; "go ahead." "What side of the question are you on?"

Lady, in a crowded street car: "Thank you, sir, but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat." Gallant Irishman, who had risen to offer a seat: "Be th' powers, ma'am, it wasn't comfortable when O saw you standin'."

Sammy came home from an afternoon at the Natural History Museum. "Where have you been?" said his grandpapa, who saw that he was in uncommonly good spirits. "Oh, we've had a splendid time! We've been to a dead circus."

"Does your husband smoke very much?"

"No, indeed. I find the best way to manage him is to let him have his own way."

"You didn't encourage him to smoke?"

"Certainly. I bought him a box of cigars myself, and told him to go right ahead. He smoked once after that, then gave up the habit."

A recent advertisement reads as follows: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head, will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

"Yes, sir," said the Georgia land agent to the Northern prospector, "you kin pick up a pack of bullets here every week."

"But, are they genuine?"

"You bet they air! Don't I buy 'em an' plant 'em myself? An' right what you're a standin' is a bombshell that I traded a cow for, an' it's gittin' jist as rusty as if it wuz throwed that by the war!"

An American arrived one day at a little hotel in a French provincial town. Tired and dusty with travel he demanded a room and plenty of water to wash with.

"Water! We have not a drop," said the landlord.

Muttering expressions of dissatisfaction, he reached his room. Soon startling cries were heard.

"Fire, fire, fire!"

A dozen servants rushed upstairs and into his room, bearing in their hands vessels of all sorts, filled with water with which to extinguish the flames.

"Ah," said the guest, turning composedly upon them, "you may leave me the water. Thank you, that is all."

VEGETABLE LIFE.—The mysteries of vegetable life are not all yet explored. An Indiana botanist has made experiments which induce him to say that some plants can see. Whether the inference can be accepted or not, these experiments go to show that the plants made an effort to reach supports placed at a little distance, and grew towards the supports, wherever placed. The plant was convolvulus, and when a long pole was placed near it, and in such a way that the tendrils would have to turn away from the light to reach it, they invariably did so, and within a few hours twined about it. That certain plants have the sense of touch is well known.

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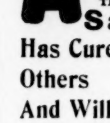

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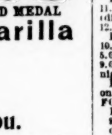

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC HAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after May 12th, 1895

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express, Parlor and Dining Car, Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars.	daily	9.00 a m	1.30 P.M.
	daily,	6.33 p m	9.45 P.M.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 dining car p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 2.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 Dining car, 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car,, 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00 7.35, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.33, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.05, 4.30 6.33, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m. daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.31 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 4.00 p m,) 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.15, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad): Express, 8.40 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.00 a m from South street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 809 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, C. G. HANCOCK,
General Superintendent. General Passenger Agent.

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it **WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC. IMMEDIATELY** correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this **GUIDE.**

It must be understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and **WITHOUT FAIL** is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book.

By giving the student the power to play **IMMEDIATELY** twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS.** Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa

"He had small skill o' horse flesh who bought a goose to ride on." Don't take ordinary soaps for house-cleaning.

THE PROPER THING

is SAPOLIO
=Try a cake of it, and be convinced.=

COMMON SOAP *fails to accomplish satisfactory results in scouring and cleaning, and necessitates a great outlay of time and labor, which more than balances any saving in cost. Practical people will find SAPOLIO the best and cheapest soap for house-cleaning and scouring.*